

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

NATURE'S OWN PEARLS.

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The other afternoon, while I was shopping on Fifth Avenue, I sauntered into a jewelry shop and paused to admire the wondrous ropes of pearls that were being shown to a beautifully gowned woman who looked at them ecstatically. "All my life I have been dreaming of a string of real pearls and now I am to own them!" Her eyes glowed with joyous satisfaction as she drew a lovely strand across the palm of her hand.

Unconsciously I edged a little closer to her, especially when she remarked with enthusiasm, "These are the ones I like the best." They were perfectly matched and lustrous in color.

"Ten thousand dollars," I overheard the clerk remark, and then the woman looked up and I saw her face for the first time. She was very pretty—not over thirty—with glorious hair, the color of a sable scarf thrown about her shoulders.

I smiled. I could not resist it, she radiated such happiness as the jeweler clasped the pearls around her throat. And she smiled in return. Her very red and pretty lips parted and showed one of the ugliest sets of teeth I have ever seen. They did not look to me the result of illness but more the result of not having had the proper care and I thought to myself how much more beautiful are pearls in the mouth than pearls around the throat.

The woman spoke of having dreamed and planned this luxury for many years, and I wondered if she had ever given any attention at all to the care of her teeth.

A young girl in rather a shabby dress who was buying a bar pin with a little diamond in it, leaned over the counter, and she, too, smiled upon the woman who sat like a beautiful peacock, proud of its plumage and yet hiding its ugly feet.

Quickly I glanced at the girl's smiling face, at the row of white teeth which were more dazzling than the pearls lying on the counter. And I thought, as I gazed from the one to the other, how much richer the young girl was, though perhaps she would never have believed it if she had been told.

Today I was introduced to a woman who confessed she was fifty. I laughed at her, for hardly a day over thirty did she look. It was because all her life she had taken care of herself. She has guarded every blessing nature had bestowed upon her. She took scrupulous care of her teeth and her complexion; she brushed and massaged her scalp; she studied her digestion and exercised well, understanding and observing the laws of nature.

There is no one who works harder than

we moving picture actresses. At the same time, most of us realize that work never hurts while worry is the canker which eats the root and can in time destroy the oak.

I try not to let myself worry about little things for little things bulk larger than big ones. And I find that by regulating my life so I have plenty of sleep, I am equal to any amount of work, no matter what pressure is brought upon me.

There are some health questions which it is not possible for me to answer, but I am only too happy to advise the young girls as I in turn have been helped by the older women with experience.

"Advice is like castor oil—easy to give and hard to take," but from the letters of my young girl friends, I do feel there have been a few whom I have helped by frank advice in regard to their personal and business interests.

Letters which the girls do not care to have answered through the medium of the newspapers can be marked "Personal" and you who know how busy I am must realize that sometimes it is weeks before I get to your particular letter. But be patient, for I try not to pass by anyone, hoping always to be of service to you.

Answers to Correspondents.

Beatrice Z.—If I were you I would finish my schooling, and do not think that no successful actresses have tried to enter the moving picture field long after they are out of their teens.

Scenario Writer.—No scenarios will be read by the producing companies unless the manuscript is submitted in typewriting. In all the trade journals you will find the addresses of moving picture companies to which you can submit your scenarios for photoplays.

Society Girl.—The last pictures in which I played the role of a society girl were in "The Girl of Yesterday," "Esmeralda" and "Less Than the Dust."

Mrs. Marvin N.—Unless a child is a naturally talented little actress it is very difficult to find her a place in a moving picture studio which will bring in a steady income. Unless it is very necessary I would advise keeping the little girl at home.

Nan.—Indeed I do think it is a very great mistake for a girl to go out with a young man whom she has met through flirtations and without an introduction from some of her friends who can vouch for him.

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SPRINGTIME AND AUTUMN.

Although her name is not Katherine, we will call her that, this young girl I am going to tell you about, who married a man thirty years older than she. For his money? No! Because she was sure that she cared for him.

You know her very well and that is why I must call her Katherine! But she is eager to have her story written, because she believes that every woman learns a little from the experience of another, even though, at the time the advice is given, she laughs it away. However, it is the accumulated experiences of others which give us a sane and sensible angle on our own lives.

At fifteen, Katherine was only a little wan-faced girl who was eking out a miserable existence working in the basement of a department store for a mere pittance a week. She was not particularly good looking but she had a beautiful, graceful, lithe body and, from the time she was a little girl, had always been recognized as one of the cleverest professional amateurs. To help in the support of her mother, she had danced at many small social gatherings and had been given extra money for it.

But, after taking the position in the department store, when closing time came on Saturday nights she had neither the spirit nor the physical endurance for anything but to hurry home and rest.

However, one Saturday during the season when the apple blossoms were clustered snowy white on the trees, the new president of the department store, to celebrate his entry, closed the store for the day and a wonderful picnic was given out in the country.

Some of the girls were allowed to take their mothers—for few had mothers who could spare the day away from their work—and Katherine was one of them.

The president, in his luxurious automobile, drove out to the picnic grounds in the afternoon to witness the merry-making of his employees. With him was the man thirty years older than Katherine, a kindly philanthropist, a man whose money has made him happy through the joy and comfort he has given to thousands of others.

They remained to watch the young couples dancing. Finally Katherine was called upon for a solo dance, and though she was bashful about taking the center of the stage, her mother, proud of her, urged her on. She danced and there was a new spirit in her steps, because for the first time in three years she had felt the stimulation of the winelike air of the country.

The president and the philanthropist saw her and she was called to their car so that her eyes might dance and her cheeks glow under the president's compliments.

The philanthropist, who knew something of the art of dancing, asked the president, as they turned their car toward home, if he could interview the girl, hoping that he might be able to give her an opportunity to work her way out of the smothering basement of the department store.

They met again and again, the philanthropist even calling at her tenement home and impressing the mother with his sincere regard for her daughter's interests. The girl was given dancing lessons, and instead of one day in the

country, there were many weeks of rest and quiet. Under the watchful eyes of her mother and the elderly man, she bloomed like a rose transplanted from the desert to an oasis.

Then there came her interviews with the New York managers and finally her first opportunity to appear behind the footlights. Immediately she was heralded as a great success and the following season she made her spectacular entry into the London theaters.

Returning to this country, she became established as one of our foremost dancers, but against her name the gossips had placed one ugly ban. There were slanderous remarks linking the name of the young girl with that of the elderly philanthropist, hinting that she had sacrificed the divine gift of womanhood for her career.

The following spring they were married and once more the gossips busied themselves, prophesying unhappiness for the girl who married a man so much older than she.

Katherine, hearing of this, laughed. "I have married my best friend. The man who protected me when I had nothing can take care of me now that I am in a position to return a few of his many kindnesses."

There is no couple I know of more happy than they and it is a happiness which has for a foundation friendship, comradeship, appreciation and unselfishness.

Answers to Correspondents.

Vivian.—If I were you I would be more careful of my associates—young girls cannot be too careful, for the things they do in their youth often reflect upon them when they reach maturity.

Annabelle.—Bashfulness comes through a lack of self-assurance and self-assurance is one of the attributes of poise. One cannot well be successful lacking it. The only cure is within yourself and it is a fault which you alone can overcome.

"Ambitious"—I have never advised girls whom I know have talent to keep away from the stage, and only admonish them to be careful. Not all girls who attempt to become screen or stage favorites succeed.

L. P. B.—Never send scenarios to managers of producing companies, but send them to the Scenario Department of the company to which you wish to submit your manuscripts.

Flora B.—Do not listen to the idle chaff of girls who claim to be getting their positions through influence. Sometimes through pique they are apt to say unkind things of companies.

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FROM all parts of the globe come my letters and out of the thousands I receive, I always select the most interesting to keep until I am a little old lady. Then I am going to bring forth my album and enjoy the messages of the Long-Ago.

Today a letter arrived from Japan. It is beautifully written and the signature is Hawthorne Hommuracho Otake.

"Dear Miss Marypickford: I am highly delighted to send a letter to you. I am delighted always to look you in the face in a cinematograph, for I was always admired of your skillful polite accomplishments. Please please to remember to exist a man who admires your polite accomplishments, and as I am gathering famous player photographs in the world, pardon me, please, but send your photograph to me.

"If you send, no greater honor could be conferred upon men who enjoy cinematograph. I wish to write on it yourself. Truly Yours."

Here is another letter, quite different from the first. It is from a young girl, one of the many thousands who might be saved from having unhappy experiences in pictures. I will select the paragraphs most interesting to my readers:

"A short time ago I answered an ad in one of the papers. It stated that young girls were wanted for moving picture studios. I applied at the agency for the position and a gentleman told me he had been giving tryouts for nothing, but so many had applied who were unable to make a success of it, that he now charged three dollars. I paid him the three dollars, took a tryout and he complimented my acting. First he explained the story, made me follow it in my own way, then showed me my mistakes and had me do it over again. He said I showed great talent and needed a few lessons, but that I could not possibly get into pictures unless I took these lessons from him. It would cost me fifty dollars but then he would guarantee to get me into pictures.

"I am only a young girl, working in a department store and getting ten dollars a week. The man told me that probably my first position in pictures would bring me at least thirty dollars. Now, Miss Pickford, I dislike my own work very much. I am getting enough

to live on but I cannot afford to spend any money for these lessons if I will not benefit by them. What do you advise?"

My answer to this girl, and to the thousands of others who are being taken in every day by fake schools for the education of young girls for moving pictures, is this:

Beware of the agents who charge you for tryouts, also the correspondence schools, for it is impossible to teach acting through the mails. The only place for a real tryout is at the studio itself, and I have written many letters of advice to young girls how to approach their picture careers. I certainly would not advise any working girl who has saved, penny by penny, until she has a few dollars in the bank, to spend them futilely on these so-called agents.

Of course there are very reliable theatrical agents with fine names which stamp them as being intelligent workers and clever artists capable of directing young girls, but when any man assures a girl that he can take raw material and make an actress in six lessons at five dollars a lesson, here is the best advice: Get a firm clutch on your thirty dollars and run just as fast as you can, keeping right on until you reach the bank! There quickly deposit your money in safer quarters!

Two clever crooks traveled across the country only a few months ago, collecting from the small towns hundreds of dollars from young girls. These girls each paid them a dollar and gave the so-called agents their photograph. The latter they promised to take to one of the big New York or California studios, interest the director in the young girl and, when her type was needed, send for her, paying her fare.

A dollar seemed like such a small sum to most of the girls for such wonderful results, and thousands of eager eyes are watching the old postman as he wends his way down the street, hoping he carries in his mailbag a letter marked "Motion Picture Studio." But no such letter will ever come to them. And again I repeat what I have said so many times: Success must come from the individual effort, not from any false outside agency.

Next week I will publish other letters I have received from girls who are willing, so long as I suppress their names, to have their experiences serve as a lesson which may benefit other ambitious girls.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

JUST TO GOSSIP.

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WE are having our first beautiful snowstorm and, as I am writing this, I stop to gaze out of my window across the dazzling white housetops.

A letter lies before me written by Blanche Sweet, who tells of the sunshine and the flowers in California. "We will probably have our Christmas dinner out under the rose bowers and the blue skies, while you will be cold and snowbound."

It does seem strange as I watch 'he great white flakes pelt against the window that Christmas time in California means the heart of the rose season. Still I must confess that I love to think of Christmas in the eastern climate.

As a little youngster I always thought that Santa Claus only drove his reindeer over the snow-white country, until the first Christmas in California made me change my mind. Santa Claus evidently came skidding down the tall, waving palms and peeked through the honeysuckle trellises into the French windows of the children's nurseries.

A few hours from now we are all going sleighing through the park, for there are two California friends visiting here who have never seen the snow and all their lives have heard of the pleasures of sleigh riding.

I remember last year that I spent some of my happiest hours coasting down the steep hills with the youngsters. It was great exercise, even better than skating, because there are not many out of doors frozen ponds and the indoor rinks are too well patronized.

I will never forget how difficult it was for me to believe that Christmas had really come when I rose on Christmas morning in California with the sunlight filtering into the room and the birds nesting in the eaves just over my window.

Outside of the house I could hear the thrilling, joyous laughter of the children as they hurried in the neighbors' gardens to display the gifts of Santa Claus. There they were, in

summer dresses, bare-legged and hatless, very cunning you must admit, but perhaps not quite so attractive as the little tads of the snow countries who look like wee Esquimaux in their warm fur or fuzzy woolen outfits.

Their cheeks are glowing red and their little noses look like cranberries, but their eyes are sparkling as they plow over the snow which comes to their ankles. They radiate a sunny kind of health which makes you think the radical changes in the seasons are of great benefit to all of us.

But then there are the poor little ones to think of, shivering in their barren, unheated tenements. During the awful heat waves of summer, our hearts go out to the wee, panting, pale faced children who cling to the fire escapes, trying to get away from the fetid air of the houses they are forced to live in. In spring they blossom and bloom, and in fall they romp and exercise to keep their legs from feeling the nip of the frost, but in summer and winter they are pitiable.

I have seen hundreds of them herded together, pressing close to each other, while the older ones tried to blow their warm breath on the hands of the little ones who were crying for lack of nourishment and warmth.

There is so much to rejoice over in this world, so much to lament, and the thought of the thousands who are not in a position to help themselves should make us more charitable in thought and deed.

Reading over a recent editorial in The Saturday Evening Post, I was much impressed and touched by these paragraphs:

"Give something. No one is so poor he cannot give something if he will. The best, most helpful charity in the world is given by the poor to those who are still less fortunate. Put a gift for the nearby unfortunate at the top of your Christmas list.

"Do it now. As Carlyle said, the poor are your conscripts, drafted into the trenches of peace while you sit snug at home. Begin today to give your debt to them a practical acknowledgment. Your Christmas eve will be the happier for it."

CRUELTY IN CHILDREN.

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IT is almost impossible to discipline the hundreds of children in the moving picture studios, who, being around the grownups all the time, often become very sophisticated and unruly. But, taking them as a class, if we can keep them unspoiled, they are very lovable and interesting.

Once in a while, like the proverbial bad apple in the box, there will be a discordant note among the children, in the form of some child who has been either pampered or has grown up like a scraggly weed without anyone to direct the growth.

Two such youngsters arrived at our studio a few days ago, and there has been an upheaval ever since. One was the daughter of very wealthy parents, who, because of the little girl's good looks, have flattered her until she is the most obstreperous and vain youngster I have ever seen.

The second was a poor little fellow, whose good looks had attracted one of the directors. This man, seeing a future for the child, had taken him from the noisy street corners and brought him into the studios where he is able to earn quite a few dollars a week. Looking at him you would think he was an angel just stepped out of one of Raphael's paintings—knowing him, your sentiments would drop to zero!

The other afternoon one of the little children came running to me, wild with terror, and hurled himself into my arms, clinging to me. "What has happened?" I cried, soothing the child, who sobbed hysterically against my shoulder. He could not answer. He just pointed out.

My eyes followed the direction of his finger and there was a group of youngsters gathered around in a semi-circle. The rich little girl and the poor little boy seemed to be the centre of interest, while the other children gazed on, some with fear, others awed and a few crying.

Rushing over to the children, I found they were standing around, watching this frightful operation; the two guiding spirits were explaining the process of hanging to the others and were making a victim of one of the fat, cunning waddy puppies which were to be used in a picture.

By the time I jerked the rope down, the poor little puppy lay dead in my hands. Such a wailing you never heard from the sympathetic little children, but the two who had deliberately planned and done this awful thing stood staring at me defiantly.

The mother of the wealthy little girl, seeing her daughter in a position which needed protection, rushed over and folded her in her arms, while one of the property men grabbed the boy and a sight ensued very familiar to all of us—the wicked

one lay across the property man's knee for fully two minutes.

Later I sought the mother of the little girl and asked her what she was going to do with the child whose tendencies were so cruel, not only in this one case but in other examples of which I had learned from the children.

"She will outgrow it," the mother replied, shrugging her shoulders indifferently. "All children are cruel. Besides, it was only a puppy, and she didn't mean to hurt it."

I looked a long, long time into the mother's eyes and realized that after all the little girl was not to blame. A woman who could express herself so casually about so serious an occurrence has these cruel traits within her own nature and it was natural that the child should inherit them.

Although you will find a streak of cruelty in some American children, the parents—comprehending the law of cause and effect—make their children understand at a very early age that the cruelty they inflict upon others eventually boomerangs.

I know of no better case than that of a little girl in California. From the time she could toddle, she took the fiendish delight in hurting animals, birds or anything with which she came in contact. There was not a dog in the neighborhood that would not fly from her in terror, for her torture was the subtle, sly, kind. She never threw stones at them nor tied tin cans to their tails; she would call them over to her and when they would come cringing or wagging their tails, she would stick pins into them or hang them by their collars to the picket fences.

She was a very attractive child and had many interesting traits, but these were completely overshadowed by her cruelty. Her mother and father, although they were conscious of her shortcomings, made no attempt to help her either by punishing or teaching.

At 12 years of age the little girl became very thin, her face drawn, her eyes sunken and we noticed a perceptible limp as she ran around the garden. Alarmed, her parents took her to a famous San Francisco specialist, and she was put through a rigid examination. They found that her diseased hip bones were beginning to crumble.

For two whole years the little girl lay in a hospital bed, a pitiful object, and yet an object who was the recipient of little pity from those who had known her. They all thought of the mutilated and hurt animals which she had victimized and though nothing was said, I am sure they felt it was a Divine punishment sent upon her.

But this is wrong, because there is something abnormal in every child who shows these tendencies and it is the mothers and fathers, who should guard their children and feel themselves responsible for allowing the abnormality to develop.

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A MOTHER'S ROSARY OF TEARS.

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YEARS ago, I remember Maxine Elhot told a group of actresses at a social gathering the life history of an intimate friend of hers, whose heart had been broken by her son.

The story made a great impression on me, because every day in the theatrical profession we meet mothers who have the same cross of suffering to bear. As I have often written, there is the cross as well as the gold in our profession, when some of the kindest and most virtuous women I have ever known were women who had grown up on the stage.

Maxine Elhot's story was of a mother who had suffered privations all her life that her son might have an education and a chance for a position better than his birthright.

"She wasn't a talented actress but plugged along, always willing to take small parts, which meant that she had to deny herself everything until her little bank roll was plump enough to make it possible to send her son through the public schools and to college.

"He was a very handsome lad and a popular boy, earning for himself a reputation as 'hail fellow, well met.' There were times when the boy was ashamed of his mother and once he hinted to her that he would rather she would not show up at college until she bought some new 'duds'—the old ones looked rusty and seedy, provoking mirth among his friends.

"The mother smiled with tender patience and did not tell him that she had worn the same old black suit for three years so he could have the necessary wardrobe to gain entry into the more fashionable college clubs.

During the following two years at college she never intruded herself, but would meet him outside the gates like an outcast, so he wasn't humiliated before the swaggering, snobbish boys of the set he had chosen.

"Fortunately the year he left college, his mother—who was then a sweet, white-haired woman—was given almost the leading part in one of the most successful plays of the season. This meant that her salary was very much larger and she had at last reached a position where she was recognized in the professional limelight.

"Never will I forget the mother's joy when she told me that she had been able to furnish a dear, sunny little apartment and that her son was living at home with her.

"Shortly after that I left for London and did not return until the fol-

lowing year. There were many friends to greet me, but I missed the sweet, smiling face of this woman I have known since childhood. I sent word for her to come to me and that afternoon she arrived—a ghost of her former self, pale, bent, sad-eyed and pathetically old.

"Although she knew how much in sympathy I was with her she could not tell me the sorrow which lay like a pall upon her heart. A mutual friend was the talebearer.

"It seemed that the son had become infatuated with a young, married woman whose husband's interests had taken him to South America. The girl had had a brief but spectacular career on the stage, being the centre of a scandalous divorce suit. The man, gaining his freedom had married her and the girl had accepted him, because of his money.

"Now she was tired and the handsome young boy appealed to her. The mother, understanding the true nature of the woman, tried to make her son see the light before he had plunged over the precipice of one of life's most frightful errors, but in his rage, in defense of the girl, he turned upon his mother.

"She is not worthy of you, my son," the mother cried through blinding tears. But the boy swung her aside.

"That evening she waited until dawn for him, but he did not return. The young married woman and the boy had eloped. A few months passed by and although the mother followed them from one corner of the globe to the other, she always arrived too late.

"To console her, friends came to her and told her the rumors they had heard about the young couple. The woman's jewels were gone, they no longer had any resources, and the girl, fond of luxury, was tired of the boy.

"Shortly after that the mother received a letter from her son in Paris, asking her forgiveness and telling her that he was on his way home. The woman was returning to her husband in South America.

"Pathetic and beautiful were the preparations made by the mother for his homecoming, but he never arrived. One lonely night, during a storm—the boy—probably in a fit of melancholia—hurled himself over the rail and was swallowed up by the sea."

If boys only realized that the love of their mothers is the most real and sacred bond of their lives, they would cling to them, listen to their words of wisdom and hearken to their unselfish prayers. Little mothers give so much and yet it is seldom they receive even in small measure any of the happiness they deserve.

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MY MOTHER.

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IWO dreadful weeks have passed, but now that they are all over and I see Hope's rainbow, I will write of my happiness instead of the great sorrow which has been hanging over us. For our little mother has been very ill in the hospital.

Then the time came that she was taken away from us—and through the pail of the night we did not know whether she would be given back again—I thought of the millions of motherless girls in the world. And my heart ached for them. Many of these girls, knowing of my love for mother, wrote to tell me of their sorrow since their own dear mother departed. Often in their letters is this paragraph: "Now that she has gone, how I wish I had been kinder to her."

During the dark moments, I prayed that mother would live so I could make her even a thousand times happier than she has made me during my lifetime.

After all, there is only one mother and she is the dearest, tenderest love of our lives. Everything that Lottie, Jack and I have accomplished, we owe to our mother, who has stood by us as our chum, comrade, adviser and our best friend.

From the time when our father passed away and she was left with three little children and a paralyzed mother, she has worked unceasingly, toiling without one word of complaint, so we could have, when we reached maturity, more joys than had ever filtered into her life.

She shut the sunlight out of her own existence so that it was brought into ours. Never have we heard a cross word from her—never an unhappy one. And even in my childhood, when it seemed as if the dawn

would never come. I can remember her singing in the darkness; in fact, in spite of the terrible obstacles which faced us, I can look upon my childhood as a particularly happy one. That was because we had our mother, working and praying for us all day long and most of the night, as she toiled with tired, tired hands.

But now the time has come when we can do for her and there is no greater pleasure in the world than being able to give a little in return for the bounty of a lifetime.

Today I went to visit mother in the hospital and she was sitting up in her room, which looked like a beautiful conservatory. There was color in her cheeks and her lips were as red as roses. "My little mother!" I cried, bending over her, "the dearest little mother in the world!"

Each girl who reads this will protest, "But I have the dearest mother in the world!"

It is true—we all have the dearest mothers. That is the way we should feel about them, and we should love them and make them happy while they are with us, for there comes a sunset in everyone's life and we must travel the afterglow without them.

In our hearts there is no one who can take their places, and that is why I am holding out my arms to all the young girls in the world who have never known the love of mothers, or have lost their dear ones and are struggling on without them.

There can be no void so aching, no heart so heavy, as that of one who has just pressed the last kiss upon the mother lips.

Some of the most exquisite letters I have ever read came to me from mothers. So that is why I say to you who are mothers and you who are daughters—when you tell me about your dear ones, your letters are sure to go among the gifts of words which I save for my universal scrapbook.

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WORMWOOD.

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IN New York, I know the dearest, kindest woman of 50 who can be hired at a very small sum a day for plain sewing. We have just engaged her as wardrobe mistress, because in the studio she will earn more than by uncertain, temporary employment.

There is always a smile on her lips, but you are impressed that her eyes have looked upon great happiness and greater sorrows. She never speaks of her past and only those who know her intimately remember the days when she was one of the wealthiest women in New York city.

Her husband was president of one of the large wholesale drug companies and they owned a beautiful home in Gramercy park. There were three children—two girls and a boy. Friends who know them tell of the happiness of that family. The girls were little tots just going to school but the boy was 16, tall, broad-shouldered and manly.

While the father was a very good provider he never took his wife into his confidence about his business affairs. She knew nothing of his interests, his investments or his speculations. All she knew was that he was the dearest, kindest husband in the world and that on the first of every month he paid the bills run by his wife, extravagant because she had never known a checkrein.

His love for his family made him deny them nothing. At the same time, he never lived to know the terrible injustice he had wrought upon his own. For, after all, every woman should be advised by her husband as to the future. Into thousands of widows' lives there has come the frightful awakening when they find themselves left tottering financially.

In the spring, about 15 years ago, there was an epidemic of scarlet fever. The two little girls were not allowed to play with the children of the neighborhood and were thought protected, but one morning both of them were found delirious in their little beds.

In spite of specialists, prayers and the mother's tears, the little girls did not survive. The following autumn, the husband, returning from Chicago,

was killed in a railroad wreck.

This left the widow with her young son of 16 and the husband's estate. Consulting a lawyer, she was aware for the first time through what a serious crisis her husband had been passing prior to his death. He had made some very large speculations and his business affairs were particularly unsettled.

Unfortunately, the wife, who had never been taken into the confidence of her husband, did not know where to turn to seek advice, and was too absorbed by her grief to care much about the financial outcome at first.

She leaned heavily upon the only arms extended to her, offering false sympathy and advice. They were those of an unscrupulous lawyer and her husband's business partner. Lax in his bookkeeping, hundreds of accounts which the woman was sure her husband had never run, were brought against the estate. There were no papers to prove that these debts had not been accumulated, so the woman was forced to settle them out of her husband's estate which was rapidly dwindling. Then came the day when she awoke to the realization that she no longer held any interest in the drug business.

That meant it was impossible to keep up her beautiful home. One by one the servants were sent away and at last the home and the entire furnishings were sold at auction. She moved to smaller quarters and many of her professed friends turned away from her.

The boy did his best to help his mother, but three years ago, just as he was about to graduate from college, having spent the last of the little sum of money his mother had been able to save out of the wreck of their past fortunes, he, too, died.

Now the mother has reached middle age, old beyond her years, lonely and very poor. But the beautiful lesson of it is that she has not grown bitter like most of us who have known sorrow, but brings sweetness and joy to every one she comes in contact with.

"My story should be a lesson to every woman who does not take any interest in her husband's affairs," she says, "and to every man who is not willing to share his business cares with his wife."

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A WOMAN'S TEARS.

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IT is the women who are bearing the burdens of the war," a newspaper man remarked to a group of us the other afternoon.

"It is the women who bear the burdens and most of the sorrows of the world," remarked a young actress pessimistically. And I knew of what she was thinking—the yoke her own mother had carried for many years.

The first time I met the mother was during the days when I played in Mr. Belasco's company in The Warrens of Virginia. She was then a character actress who had been on the stage ever since babyhood. From the time she stepped before the footlights until her exit into the wings, she was followed by roars of laughter. Her comedy was the spontaneous kind which made the audience believe she was laughing with them instead of at them.

But all the time her heart was breaking, her body was failing and her mind was giving way. Her own child was a little girl in the company, even younger than I, and the mother had had great difficulty in bringing up the frail little one.

The father was a very handsome man, about the mother's age, but, because he had been one of these happy-go-lucky, nerveless men, looked very much younger.

There had been a romantic love affair, for she had met him when she was a successful ingenue traveling across the continent to the west. He was a tubercular patient, then—according to the doctors' statistics, in a hopeless condition.

Falling in love with him, she had decided she would give up her career and remain to take care of him. And so they were married, and lived out there in a little desert town for five barren, though happy years. He acknowledged that she had saved him—he told of her sacrifices and her years of toil not only to keep him alive but to support him in a part of the country where it was difficult to find work.

Then there came the wondrous joy of having the little girl. Before the baby was two years old, the doctor pronounced the husband cured and they returned to New York, which had been her home. There the husband, through the wife's family, found a very good position and the wife returned to the stage in one of the season's successes.

Ten years passed and never did a woman love a man more than she, for everything she worked for had her divine love as a foundation. A woman always grows old in service, especially where she sacrifices her own welfare for the upbuilding of others. She had never been a very pretty woman, but had a sweet mother face and kindly

blue eyes which looked with deep, sympathetic tenderness upon the whole world.

One season there came into the company a very attractive young girl. She was without friends and a stranger in New York and the little wife took her under her wing. She was given a welcome in their home, in fact, the wife did everything in her power to further her interests and stimulate her ambitions.

"You are almost as dear to me as my daughter," she remarked one day, putting her arm affectionately around the girl and drawing her close. There was a long, dreadful silence and we, who had seen much which the little wife had never dreamed of, turned away for fear our eyes would betray us. For weeks there had been a rumor that the husband and the young girl were meeting clandestinely. Then in confidence to ears which listened lightly, the girl betrayed the love between the man and herself.

Sometimes I think the little wife knew it all the time, because there came a strange, wan look into her face and her eyes lost the merry lights that had been there in the days before the woman had come into her home. But if she did know anything, she never spoke of it and, with a bravado which spells a breaking heart, she made us believe we not only misjudged the husband but the girl as well.

In the middle of a winter season, the young girl was sent by the managers on the road, and two weeks later, the husband packed his trunks and left without a word of warning to either his wife or daughter.

It was Christmas eve and the little wife did not come home until late, for there was much shopping to be done. There were ties and a comfortable smoking jacket for her husband, the finest of cigars, and, as the little wife planned the Christmas surprises, she hurried merrily home.

That night they waited, sitting up until nearly dawn, but no word came from her husband. It was three days before she knew he had gone away to meet the young girl in the west.

Sometimes I think that when we suffer our greatest shocks, we are given mental armor to meet them, for the little wife read the message only once, then sank into unconsciousness. When she awakened, the memory of the letter was gone—she believed and still believes to this day that her husband, loving her to the very last, had quietly passed away.

The daughter is rapidly becoming a successful actress and takes care of the sweet little old mother, who, in storm or sunshine, sick or well, visits each day the family burial plot where she believes lie the remains of her husband.

And that is why the daughter sighed as she remarked: "The women bear all the burdens and most of the sorrows of the world."

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE AMERICAN KING.

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THERE was no Santa Claus quite so magnetic, so jolly or so tender with the children as a very short, roly-poly Santa Claus who stationed himself at the entrance of a subway in the neighborhood of the Bowery. Little ragged, wistful-eyed children came from blocks around to see him. There were dozens of the old Kris Kringles within the range of a few blocks, but somehow or other none had voices quite so gentle and caressing as The Little Santa, as they called him.

He wasn't there to advertise a store or to collect funds for any charitable organization—he was there because of all people he was the loneliest man in the world. I did not know him myself but Blanche Bates told me about him, and here is his story.

When he was 18, a terrible fire had broken out in the military academy

he attended. Although the boys had been well drilled, there was a frightful panic and they plunged pell-mell down the stairs, hurling themselves out of windows or fighting like wildcats to escape from the smoke-filled rooms.

The fire began in the dormitory, but word reached the teachers and the firemen that all of the boys had escaped. Just as they were turning their attention to other buildings, the figure of one of the boys appeared at the window, calling for help. It was the chum of Little Santa, a boy he had known ever since they were children together.

"Save him!" the boy cried hysterically, clinging to one of the firemen's arms and beseeching them to make an effort to rescue his chum. But even the most daring, who expected that at any moment the floor would cave in, told him the boy was beyond all hope.

Again the figure showed in the window, silhouetted back against the molten flames. With a cry, Little Santa rushed blindly over the smoke-filled threshold.

Breathlessly the crowd of students, firemen and teachers waited and watched—until there were two silhouetted figures in the room, one struggling with his arm around the shoulders of the other.

It was fully three minutes before they reached the door, where they fell unconscious upon the ground. The chum was uninjured, for Little Santa had thrown his coat around him, but the features of Little Santa were distorted beyond human recognition. He lived, but he became a hideous thing, something human and yet, to humans repellant.

That was 20 years ago. Just think of it, you who have health, vitality and happiness, what it must have meant to a man to go through life a burned thing of horror, which women pitied, men tolerated and children ran from in fear!

His father died, leaving him a very large estate and he lived away from the world alone. Christmas came and his generous cheques brought much praise in letters from the charitable organizations he remembered. One year, in his terrible loneliness, he decided to visit the poor and study the individual needs of the people. But even among these recipients of charity, he was looked upon with horror and disgust.

Then, one day, a kindly friend who understood his need of human companionship, and especially the joy of children's little tender hands to guide the way to happiness, proposed that he become a Santa Claus.

And that is why, on a certain subway near the Bowery, a little roly-poly, jolly Santa Claus comes every merry Christmas-tide. It is true all you can see of him beside his great, shaggy beard, fierce mustachios and a big red, false Santa Claus nose which glows like an electric light bulb, are his kindly, twinkling eyes.

The children know him and love him better than any other Santa Claus in the whole wide world. And why shouldn't they? This is the Santa Claus whose pockets are filled with pennies—this is the Santa Claus who goes to see their mothers and sends baskets of food to fill their little, starving tummies. This is the Santa Claus who takes the shivering little girls under his wing and buys them warm shoes and stockings and flaxen-haired dollies.

"Tonight," and the Santa Claus smiled as he whispered into the ear of a friend, "there is no man in the world so happy as I—for I am a king among men, Santa Claus!"

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

OUR WORST ENEMY—FEAR.

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LAST summer a young man who became the butt of ridicule at the studio played in our comedies. He was rather good looking but so timid and effeminate that he was intensely disliked, even by the director, though the latter was forced to admit under pressure that he was one of the cleverest actors we had engaged for some time.

One afternoon my mother, the young man and I were sent out on a location. For the first time we had a chance to talk with him. He was very well educated and, once he had mastered his diffidence, he had a very pleasant way of expressing himself.

Talking with him, listening to his intelligent conversation, I wondered what there was about his personality which repelled the stranger. I found out, it was his cowardice.

A little field mouse ran across our path and the boy started to his feet, his face ashen, his hands trembling. Later we had to cross a rushing, frothing stream over some uncertain rocks, and the boy clung to the director's arm. By the time he reached the other shore, his lips were blue and his eyes hollowed by the experience.

Even I resented it—I who had never known what it was to be really afraid of anything, except dangers which are foolhardy. He saw the expression in my eyes and later, drawing mother aside, told her the story of his childhood.

His mother had been a society woman who had neglected her family in her social climb. His father had been too busy at his office, grinding so that he could support the extravagant mother, to pay any attention to the children. And so they were turned over to nurses and an unsympathetic governess.

His father gave strict orders that his children were not to be punished physically. They might be denied certain pleasures, but he did not wish his sons and his daughters to be whipped or slapped. So the nurses and governess devised a more effective method—it was through fear.

In the dark closet, they told the children, lived fire-breathing dragons, snakes and spiders. When the chil-

dren disobeyed them, even in some slight matter, the terrified, screaming youngsters were thrown into the closet and the bolt was drawn.

In the garden, there was an emerald pond, the delight of the children's lives during the seasons when they could sail their tiny boats among the water lilies. The nurses, not wanting to bother about keeping their eyes upon the children, told them that in the pond there lurked the terrible creatures who gobbled little boys and girls alive.

At night, if they cried, a ghost would creep out of the shadows and, folding them in its long, white arms, would fly away to Ghostland with them, perhaps never to return.

These stories the children never told their parents because the nurse warned them that great black birds flying through the sky at night nipped off the tongues of tattling tales.

All their childhood was spent in constant dread of these ogres who were standing at every nook and corner, ready to pounce upon them.

At the beaches you could not get these children near the water—they screamed with terror when the waves crept close. Hadn't the nurses told them that The Old Man of the Sea might send out his fishing nets and drag them into his under-sea caverns where the bodies of the dead sailors manned the gray and awful Death Ship?

Nor would these three children go walking in the woods, because of the gnomes and the big spiders which slept in trees, waiting and watching to eat up little girls and boys.

"It was not until we were old enough to go to public school," the boy told my mother and me, "that our nurses were dismissed. But the awful havoc they had wrought still tortured our minds. And there we were—three hopeless, helpless cowards. As I grew older, I tried to analyze my fears and overcome them. To a certain extent I have succeeded, but at the same time, it is such impressions of childhood which become instincts that govern us during maturity."

Returning to the studio, I gathered a group of the boys together and told them the story in strict confidence, so that they would be a little bit kinder to the unhappy young chap who, because of his cowardice, made them instinctively dislike him.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

JOYOUS CHRISTMAS BASKETS.

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TODAY I met the most tired woman I have seen this Christmas season. Her hat was on one side, her fur collar was dangling by a scraggly tail, her coat was torn, she had great dark circles under her eyes and a sad but triumphant smile on her face. It was Marie Dressler!

"Christmas shopping?" I asked gaily as I stopped to talk to her a few minutes.

"Yes," she replied, "the happiest Christmas shopping I have ever done." And then she opened a small ledger and showed me the names of 50 families to whom she going to give Christmas baskets.

"I have been investigating every case," she told me, "and what sorrow and sickness I have seen! Here is a mother with five children living on the East Side. Today when I went there, the mother was unconscious and two of the starving children were chewing on newspapers!"

"The windows and doors were closed tight—still the room was cold and the air so fetid I could scarcely draw a long breath. The mother's story, when she was revived, was a sad one. Her husband had died a year ago and she was left to support her children by taking in washing."

"Delivering a bundle up some rickety, uncertain steps, she had slipped and fallen, and for two months had been without work or help from any source."

"Has no one been here to see you?" I asked, thinking of the many charities who make it their duty and their business to care for just such cases as this.

"Twice they came," she whispered, "and each time they told me they would take the children away from me. I love them so!" The little group of pale faced children clung to their mother apprehensively.

"I have told my friends this is the only Christmas I will have—there will be no decorating of beautiful, expensive trees for wealthy children on my list for this year!"

"Now," and she laughed as she said it, "I have two to visit down by Brooklyn bridge. After they are tak-

en care of, I start out for Harlem. I just follow the dictates of my heart."

We bade each other farewell and as I watched her slumping through the crowd, I realized that though she was weary and worn, she was perhaps one of the happiest women who would enjoy the Christmas-tide.

A great many of us professionals do all we can toward helping the charitable organizations, but it is impossible for the very busy ones to look out for the individual. That is why we envy Marie Dressler the opportunity she has to bring a little sunshine to so many.

For the present she has retired from the stage, acknowledging that pictures are the greatest attraction to her. Like so many others, she enjoys the evenings at home and the glorious sunlit days in the out-of-doors.

What a busy, jostling time it is! Tired faces but happy ones! Hundreds of little children clinging to their mothers' hands, peering around corners, eager-eyed to catch a glimpse of Santa Claus.

I took a group of youngsters in to see a big, fat, roly-poly Santa Claus today, who was very good-natured and very patient while they climbed upon his lap, pulling his whiskers and whispering in his ears all the presents that he must bring them when he drives his reindeer across the roofs on Christmas eve.

There were well dressed children and little shabby youngsters but the eyes of all danced and the cheeks glowed when Santa Claus leaned over and promised them that the stockings, no matter how many holes there were in the toes of them, should all be taken care of.

A very interesting elderly gentleman stood by one of the booths today and as the poorest children came out, he stopped them, asking them their names and addresses, which he jotted down in a big red ledger. So curious was I that when the manager walked past, I stopped him and asked about the man.

"He is the REAL Santa Claus," he told me, smiling, "one of the greatest philanthropists in the city. He makes the dreams come true of the little poor children whom he knows Santa Claus would never visit in their dreary, squalid homes, on that day of all days—Christmas."

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

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If Opportunity knocked at your door today or tomorrow and offered you Success, your hands would be outstretched eagerly for the gift. It is the boon we all hope will come during our lifetime, yet no one defines it exactly as does anyone else. To some it means Happiness—to others it spells Wealth—to a minority it is synonymous with Service. No one hesitates to count the price Life extorts for it, yet those who have achieved it sadly realize its costliness. Success too often means loneliness and misunderstanding. Nearing the goal in the race of life, the victor must outstrip the masses to reach the home plate alone. Not long ago I read a little story and was vastly impressed by one episode. The hero, criticised because of his lack of ambition, his spurning opportunities for eminence, replied to the scoffers, "I would rather stay in the valley and help my comrades on their way than to climb the mountain peaks alone."

"If I had known the penalties of success," said a famous opera singer to me not many years ago, "I would have chosen instead the ordinary, uneventful life of the 'homespun' woman."

Her eyes were filled with tears and her courage was breaking under the burden she had wrested from fate. So endowed is she that the public is constantly making heavy demands upon her. She could not hide her one great talent and so in time it has become ten with the responsibilities of ten. To move her audiences, to call forth their emotional response, she has first to draw upon her experience and sympathies and feel that she would have them comprehend. Because of this constant giving, every night she leaves the stage racked with the emotions she has evoked within herself.

Her handsome, devoted husband, whom she had loved with all the fervor of her tense nature, died within a year after their marriage. Recovering from the shock of this tragedy, she transferred her love to the little daughter who was born shortly after. When the little girl was about two months old, it was discovered that she was blind. The frantic mother sought specialist after specialist, but all were powerless to cure the defect.

But the little girl is not unhappy. Born with a song in her heart and on her lips, she lives in a world peopled with the fairy folk of the darkness.

"She, too, has genius," said a friend, thinking to please the musician.

"Yes, I am afraid she has," the mother sighed unhappily. "It is my regret. I would feel that her future were more secure if she had inherited her father's practical tendencies. Where there is such keen sensibility, there is much suf-

fering. Happiness and genius seldom walk hand in hand."

The musician has a soft-voiced, sweet-faced mother, who has lived with her and ministered to her comfort since the husband's death, and these two have always been close comrades, devoted to each other.

But now the mother is dying of an incurable disease—cancer.

"I would give everything I have, go out to scrub or take in washing," said the musician, "if my daughter could have sight and my mother be spared."

Thousands of letters come to her from different parts of the globe—for the song-bird is beloved in every clime. And among these there are envious letters. "If I could only be famous and rich like you," is the plaint of the scribblers.

"Those letters come from women who have everything in this world worth desiring," she told me one day. "They have their husbands, healthy, normal children, unhappy homes, parents approaching the sunset of life in moderate but comfortable circumstances. While I—I whom they envy—have had nothing but sorrow and misery all my life! If they but knew how rich—how much to be envied—they are!"

So think, you girls who want to go into moving pictures in the hope that you will win fame and fortune, think long before you allow yourselves to become discontented with the bounty of your lives in your longing for that which has not the power to bring you happiness once you have secured it. Happiness is destiny—it comes from within.

Answers to Correspondents.

Hetty G.—I cannot recommend any school to teach scenario writing, except Columbia University.

Anna H.—Probably your having bleached your hair has made it fall out. Go to a hair specialist; do not try any more home remedies.

Josephine T.—I regret that I cannot answer any personal questions. I am always glad to answer general questions in this column.

K. P. J.—To get into pictures, go to the various studios, leave your photograph, description and address. They will send for you when they are in need of an actress of your type.

M. N.—If your manuscripts have been sent back to you, go over them carefully and see where you can improve them. Build them up, then send them out again. "Try, try again" is a motto never out of date.

MARY PICKFORD

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A QUESTION TO BE SETTLED.

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A GROUP of us at dinner last night took up the subject of woman's suffrage and argued it pro and con for a lively half hour, having both supporters and opponents among us.

"Woman's place is in the home," a man insisted, pounding the table to emphasize his argument. "Equal rights for women—bah!"

Our little ingenue withered him in scorn. "A threadbare idea!" she scoffed. "Haven't men a better and less bitter argument?"

An older woman, thoughtfully and impersonally, suggested, "Woman's place is wherever she can do the most good, be it the home or the world of commerce. All women are not fitted for the same career."

The little ingenue eagerly snatched the golden ball of conversation and tossed it across the table in the direction of the condemnatory one.

"Yes, indeed," she argued, "look how well she has succeeded in public life and how much good she has done there."

"No argument at all," from the Unbeliever.

Ignoring him, the comedian who studies sociology contributed, "Just at present women are trying to work both in the home and outside; something must suffer."

"It isn't her work that suffers," the older woman said. "It is the woman herself. She is carrying too great a burden and soon she will break under it."

"Or she will become accustomed and adapted to it," defended the little ingenue. "Women are builders, not destroyers—and they are desirous of bringing everything worth while into their lives instead of limiting the boundaries of their capability to half of life, however worthy it may be."

I turned away, leaving them still in the tangled mesh of their discussion, to ask myself, "ARE women carrying too great a burden?"

I was not certain in my own mind whether it would break them, as contended, or they would rise above it. But the burden for many women is truly great. I have a friend who says, as I have written before, that women

bear most of the suffering and all of the sorrow of the world.

Faces of many professional women passed before my mind and they are women whose lives are overcrowded between their public and their home duties. On the one hand they have attained eminence in some art—on the other they are successfully devoted wives and mothers.

Then I thought of one of the scrub women at the studio, who tells me she has seven children, the youngest three years old, and an invalid husband whom she supports. I recalled many women in the humbler walks of life, whom I have met through the years, who have carried similar responsibilities.

Was it from choice? No! It was because fate had thrust the need upon them and they had risen to the occasion. There are very few women whose domestic instincts are not dominant and who would not prefer, like Goldilocks, to sit upon a cushion and sew a fine seam.

I called upon a friend not long ago whose poems have become household axioms and quotations, and found her bending over her eight weeks old baby in the bathtub. She would raise its tiny hands and then bring them down in the water with a splash that dimpled the little fellow's glowing cheeks.

She turned to me in elation. "I would rather perform the smallest service for my baby than to write the most immortal poem in the world."

I envied her.

"What inspired your first verses?" I asked, as I bent over to watch the drying process, while the King of Happiness poked his chubby fists into my face and gurgled noisily.

"We were very poor," she told me, "with only the bare necessities of life. At school my little poems had been praised by the teachers, and one Christmas, when I was afraid there would be no Santa Claus for the well darned stockings, I sent my foolish collection of poems to one of the magazines. A wee one was accepted!"

So though woman's place may be defined by convention and law, logic and philosophy, you may be sure you will always find her wherever the interests of her loved ones may take her.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS.

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"Oh, he will reform when we are married!" calmly announced a little actress the other day, when told of the serious flaws in the character of the actor she was about to marry. "Love is the master of miracles!"

When she had left us, the older actress who had been warning her turned to me.

"What a pity," she cried, "that youth always believes in impossibilities! Girls are so sure of themselves—even if other marriages have failed and so few women have reformed men by marrying them, they are confident that their particular case will be the exception."

"But don't you think sometimes—" I interrupted, all hope for the exception. She abruptly silenced me.

"No, I don't! A leopard doesn't change his spots and a man whose self-respect doesn't keep him straight won't alter his ways permanently because he has married. So many girls build their ideals for the future, hoping to transform the character of the man they marry."

"I have a friend who was one of the foolish believers. We were schoolgirls together and had known each other since childhood. She graduated with the honors of the class and we all prophesied a brilliant future, for if ever a girl deserved one, it was Eleanor."

"She was intelligent and capable, but, to our great surprise, she married a young man who was self-willed and indolent. He was able to hold the positions his rather attractive personality secured for him, and so he drifted along aimlessly, without ambition or poise."

"We warned Eleanor when she announced her engagement, but she laughed at us. 'He will reform when we are married,' she declared optimistically. 'He is so in love with me that he will do anything I ask.'"

"They were married when he secured a very promising position and for a while lived comfortably and snugly within their income. Every week he brought home his salary check and Eleanor, cleverly managing all expenditures, even put aside a few dollars in the bank."

"Then one Saturday, on some pretext, for the first time he cashed the check himself, spending a large portion of it. Once he had broken into their routine, he continued to do so and Eleanor was finally denied the privilege of knowing what became of the money."

"You must give me an allowance for the running of the home," she begged. "It isn't for luxuries I am asking—but for necessities."

"Open a charge account," he ordered her.

"But I can't open an account with any store when our credit is questioned. You must pay these tradespeople or they will force us into a very humiliating position."

"We'll pay those bills next week," and he laughed. "Please do not worry me about such trivial matters, Eleanor, dear, when I have problems of much more importance on my mind."

"And so the days drifted by. He was generous to a fault with luxuries, but peevish to the last degree when it was a matter of paying debts or storing a harvest for the future."

"They were obliged to move from one neighborhood to another, and at last decided to give up housekeeping and board. To Eleanor's further humiliation, their board bills were never paid, their trunks were held by the frantic landlords, and all her little personal treasures were lost."

"Don't worry, dear," he reassured her; "some day I will get you everything your heart desires."

"But when he turned to look at her, there was something in her expression that startled him."

"I am going to work," she told him decisively, "to support myself. But I will not work to support an indolent, impractical husband."

"She left him and secured a position as a teacher in one of the large public schools, having trained for that before she was married."

"The husband, angry and sulky, was discharged from his position and, long out of employment, became shabby and penniless. About that time he met Eleanor, independent, self-supporting and looking very prosperous."

"It stung his pride but it awakened a desire to win back his wife, whom he really loved. Redoubling his efforts, he secured another position, and later we learned that little by little he was trying to pay off the old debts. He lived meagerly, worked very hard, and, possessing real capability, was rapidly advanced."

"When his past ugly record was erased he went to Eleanor and very humbly asked her to give him another chance."

"And did she?" I questioned eagerly.

"Yes—and he is now a model husband. They own their own home, a jolly little car and have quite a bank account. But the wife's heart was almost broken before she accomplished it."

Later, I asked myself, "did she reform him by marrying him—or didn't she?" There might be two viewpoints. Which is yours?

Answers to Correspondents.

M. E. R.—No, indeed! I was glad to hear from you. In strict confidence, many of the letters I receive from strangers are more interesting than some of those I receive from friends!

A. J. E.—Thank you for your encouraging letter. Such letters are not the least of the remuneration that comes from my work.

A. B. D.—Sessue Hayakawa is playing with Leaky Company—also his wife, Toru. Earle Williams plays the leading role in "The Scarlet Runner."

Jessica V.—Hasn't the last episode of "The Iron Claw" appeared in your local theater? I hate to end your suspense, but Davis is the Laughing Mask.

"Anxious"—"Stolen Goods" was produced in California. Marguerite Clark played the stellar role in "Seven Sisters."

T. J. F.—"The Mother and the Law," which it was announced Mr. Griffith was producing, has been released as the spectacular "Intolerance." The former was only a "working" title.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THAT DREADFUL AGE QUESTION.

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Most women who prevaricate about their ages, confess to being younger! Young men who fib generally add a few years. Very often that is because they wish to hold responsible positions, while older men subtract, afraid to be crowded out by the younger generation. This is true to a certain extent of professional women, but for the most part, women, vain creatures, cannot tell the truth about their age.

I have always felt that age should be a matter of pride, for with it come experience and wisdom.

"It doesn't harm any one if I do not tell my right age," laments a woman I know, who is happily married and the mother of three lovely children. Perhaps she is right but my opinion is that it is poor policy ever to tell an unnecessary falsehood, even a seemingly harmless one.

I know of one woman whose life ended in tragedy because she lied about her age, and she had one of the best excuses in the world—love.

At twenty-two, she had married the first time. Her husband, through successful operations on Wall Street, became quite prosperous and when he died, ten years later, left her a snug little fortune, which she capably cared for.

Except the death of her husband, no real sorrow had ever shadowed her life. She had never worried or fretted and there were no telltale lines to mar her placid beauty. She had excellent health and at forty was so remarkably well preserved that it became a matter of pride with her to appear much younger, and she did everything in her power to increase the delusion.

She exercised the utmost discretion in her apparel and, as she traveled extensively, there were no garrulous life-long friends to expose her age by whispering to ears who enjoyed listening. "Well, ten years ago, when she was thirty-eight," etc.

At fifty she was able to maintain the fiction of being thirty-five. Only her hands confessed the truth and she wore clever gowns with artistic sleeves which partly concealed them.

Returning one year from Europe, she became acquainted on shipboard with a Westerner, a man of about thirty-three. A quick attachment sprang up between them and after they had arrived in New York his devotion continued. Finally he asked her to marry him.

"But I am older than you," she faltered, more to learn his real opinion than to confess the truth.

"How much older?" he laughed.

"Can't you guess?" she parried cleverly. He looked at her keenly and she trembled, unconsciously hiding her hands under the fur robe thrown over her lap.

"Three—four years?" he questioned.

"I am—I am 37," she reluctantly admitted.

He took her into his arms. "Love is a

divine mathematician!" he scoffed. "And what are four years?"

After the marriage if the woman thought she had crossed and burned her last bridge, she was mistaken, for she lived in constant fear lest he should learn the truth. Every time she spoke of the past she weighed her sentences for fear they would betray her, until her life became one continual lie.

There were other obstacles to her happiness. Her tastes and pleasures were more mature than his. He was athletic and she had reached an age where she preferred indolence and home. He loved to dance, to travel, to entertain—and she was easily wearied.

Then she constantly watched the mirror for the inevitable wrinkles, while his attractive youth made her jealous of any younger woman he admired.

After a time he began to realize that there was some hidden canker in her heart, that she was lying to him, even that they were no longer compatible and happy together.

Then, as she had feared, the younger woman came. When she realized the bitter truth, she rose from the petty to the heroic, told him of her lodestone of lies and offered him a divorce, urging it when he hesitated to accept.

Now she lives in the East, a lonely, unhappy woman, while he, in the West, has married the other woman. And we, who profess ourselves philosophers, have always firmly believed that if she had told him the truth in the dawn of their romance, she might never have lost him at dusk.

Answers to Correspondents.

Jennie L.—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew are now with Metro. S. Rankin Drew is with Vitagraph.

Ruth F.—I do not think the actor you mention will give you a personal interview, but at least you can write him that request. Address him care of Metro.

Edith H.—Pauline Frederick played the leading role in "Ashes of Embers." Jane Novak was Dorothy in "Graft."

I. D.—Carlisle Blackwell is now with World Film. Yes, he played opposite me in "Such a Little Queen." I did not play in that production on the stage—you are thinking of Elsie Ferguson.

R. M.—Earle Williams and Anita Stewart played the leading roles in "From Headquarters." Yes, I do think the happy ending is sometimes a mistake—when an audience knows stories always end happily, it robs pictures of any possible suspense.

D. R.—Violet Mersereau is still with Universal. Your letter does sound as if you have ability, but I would not advise any girl to leave lucrative employment for the uncertainty of pictures.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

THE LOST PARADISE.

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HERE are so many unhappy people in this world who are searching for something they cannot find—contentment. The mirage out on the desert of life lures them from that which is familiar and near, and so they stumble on and eternally on, tricked and tortured.

I have just parted from a friend into whose life discontent has brought a poignant sorrow. She married at 19 and for a time was very happy, especially when two rosy cheeked babies came toddling into her life. Her husband had a fine position and they enjoyed their comfortable and artistic little home.

But one summer the house adjoining theirs was leased to an invalid, an actress, and little neighborly attentions soon drew them together. The actress told her of the fascinating life of the stage which held the little woman spellbound, for in her teens she had been applauded as an amateur actress and her thoughts had often wandered toward a career.

Before the actress left the town, one of the smart clubs gave a society benefit, and the actress was asked to share in the entertainment. Thinking to please the neighbor who had been so kind to her, the actress suggested a little on-act play in which they both could take part.

Very hard and earnestly they worked upon its preparation, the actress encouraging my friend by telling her she had unmistakable talent. The day after the performance the local papers expressed the same sentiments, even more warmly, and the poise of the little wife and mother was unbalanced by her triumph.

More amateur theatricals, in which she was the ringleader, followed. Then she became so busy socially at she turned many of her household duties over to a younger sister, who had just returned from college to live with her.

The actress, again in New York, wrote her of an excellent small part in a play about to be launched, and urged her to come east.

The husband opposed the venture—mildly at first, then bitterly. But finally, seeing she would never be con-

tented in her home again, he gave his consent, hoping she would fail and learn the lesson "home is best."

But she did not fail. The play was one of the winter's successes and she received special commendation for her work. Seasons went by and while she never became a star, she was known as a clever actress, who had no difficulty in finding an engagement.

Most of her summers were spent at home, her winters in New York or traveling on the road. She thought often of her dear ones and longed for the time to come when she might have them with her, but never once did she think of leaving the stage and sacrificing her own career.

One winter, following a severe cold, she lost her voice and could not speak above a whisper. The manager told her it would be impossible for her to go on, so she turned her face and her thoughts toward home.

She found, when she returned, that the little sister had usurped the place she had left vacant. It was she who settled the problems of the little household, very capably. It was she to whom the children turned with their troubles and their love.

In the home, which was hers because it had been built around her love, the wife and mother found herself merely a welcome guest. As the days went by she noted with jealousy that her husband, while he listened respectfully to her suggestions, followed only the sister's counsel. She tried to take over the management of the household, which her sister was willing to relinquish, but the husband expostulated in dismay. "Please do not make any change, dear—everything is so comfortable as it is."

Night came and the mother, who had been her wont, hurried into the nursery to tuck her children in their cribs. "We want our dear 'Auntie!'" they insisted, pushing their mother away. "You are only our play mother—she is our really truly one."

And now, having exchanged her ounce of gold for an ounce of dress, she is bitterly unhappy and fails to see the justice of her punishment. A week ago she came east to go into moving pictures, where the loss of her voice will be no great drawback, but I know she will not be satisfied here her thoughts will be with the treasures beyond price which she has closed forever out of her life.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE!

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HE public so persistently confuses our real personalities with the characters we portray on the screen and stage," lamented an actress yesterday, who is invariably cast in vampire parts, but in real life is happily married and the mother of two beautiful children.

"And they believe our pen always expresses our own individuality," added an author, who, passing, peered over my shoulder to catch the drift of the conversation.

I do not know why, but it is true. Perhaps the public's conclusion is correct, for the sum total of the various roles we assume or the books we write does often confess us. On the other hand, human beings are not prone to practice what they preach.

I have in mind a prominent tragedian, who in private life was a bit of a socialist—or at least was fond of referring to himself as such. He had very radical ideas, and nothing was too extreme for him to embrace as part of his creed.

He made himself, rather tiresome about his tenets, and really—between you and me—when a man stops you on your busy way, buttonholes you and tries to convert you to his theories, he's nothing more or less than a bore!

But this is to be said in the actor's favor—he had the courage of his convictions and more than once made himself ludicrous by adhering to some impracticable theory. We all felt very sorry for his wife, particularly because she was obliged to listen to his constant harangues and tirades.

One of his favorite topics was personal freedom—the right of the individual to do as the spirit moved him, regardless of others, which of course he used as an overworked excuse for his own short-comings!

One year, while he was playing in New York, he met and became infatuated with a pretty chorus girl. Night after night he would dine with her in public, while his quiet, retiring wife sat patiently at home.

The chorus girl—although her intellect was not so elastic that she comprehended what he was talking about—endorsed all his doctrines and even

urged him to greater heights of folly. Finally, at her insistence, he went to his wife and asked her to grant him a divorce. Without a moment's hesitation, the little wife consented.

He made no secret of what he had done; in fact he was rather boastful that he was living what he called "the broader life, untrammelled by conventions." His friends were disgusted at his selfishness, and their sympathies were all with the wife, who kept quietly to herself and made neither criticism nor comment on the situation.

But before the divorce could be secured, the chorus girl eloped with a well-known millionaire, and left the tragedian to bear the brunt of his friend's laughter. There was no sympathy extended, for everyone enjoyed the boomerang—he had got just what he so richly deserved.

For a time he sulked and then he began to regret that the routine of his life had been upset. The scales fell from his eyes and he saw the gaudy, empty-headed chorus girl in the daylight! Comparing her with his wife, he began to appreciate the latter, and to feel sorry for her—sorry that he had been so unjust. In his vanity it never occurred to him that she would not rejoice over his return.

He went to her, feeling very noble because of the happiness he was about to bring into her life and told her they would just forget what had happened, that it had all been a miserable error, a karma he had passed through while working out his higher destiny. He, the Ulysses, did not doubt that she, the Penelope, was eternally waiting.

Then the quiet little wife came into her own. She told him that she had met and learned to love a man who was more worthy of her, and that she would never withdraw the divorce proceedings. Very much humbled, he pleaded with her, but she was adamant. She secured the divorce and married the other man, who has made her very happy ever since.

The tragedian was a poor loser. He set up a wail because his wife had treated him so unfairly, he used the argument that she owed her real husband's happiness some thought and consideration, so you see, not only was he unwilling to practice what he had preached about personal liberty, but he became a national laughing-stock!

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

CATCHING A THIEF.

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WHILE we were taking Less Than the Dust out on Long Island, several mysterious thefts took place from dressing rooms in the temporary studio that was part of the Indian village erected there.

Several of us were victims to the extent of losing little articles that were keepsakes. For instance, I had a jewelled pencil, a little gold and turquoise bon-bon box from Persia, and a beautifully chased hand mirror that closed into a disc, and came from Burmah. Around its edge were matched pearls.

Yet the thief, while he or she showed a nice discrimination in the matter of jewelry, did not disdain to take even a bag of candy from the coat pocket of one of the camera men as it hung on a nail.

It really was baffling. In spite of oneself, one cannot help a feeling of uneasiness when any trouble of this sort occurs in a company. You are sure you do not suspect anyone. You don't want to suspect any of the people with whom you are closely associated in daily life.

They have quite as much right to suspect you, and suspicion is one of the very worst canker worms that lodge in the human brain, for it brings as much discomfort and unrest to the person who harbors it as to the object it is aimed at.

After about two weeks of ceaseless losses, we had all rather decided the guilty person was a boy named Joe. He was a delightful type, and had been used conspicuously in the street scenes. Although his native habitat was Minetta lane, New York, his "black and tan" tint and glossy, curly hair quite fitted him to portray a Hindoo boy.

He had been treated almost as a mascot by the members of the company, and we all felt badly when one of the property men said he had noticed Joe wearing a purple silk English made scarf which had previously belonged to our assistant director. Also, a day or two later Joe was ob-

served to have acquired sudden possession of a cigarette case of gold and platinum which had belonged to one of the eastern dancers in the company.

Much against everybody's inclinations Joe was "taken up." Brought before our director and some of the management he was the most surprised and injured boy you can imagine. Topsy, arraigned before Miss Ophelia, never put up a more innocent front. Yet when his pockets were rifled, and their contents revealed, there were many of the missing articles.

"Now, how come dose in mah pockets," Joe asked indignantly. "I told dat bald-faced little stub-tailed, good-for-nothing monk if he brought any more trouble and laid it at mah door, Ah'd suttinly have to tell folks what his character was."

"Who do you mean, Joe?" asked one of the men. "Who's in this with you?"

"Ah'll get him," Joe promised fervently. "Ah ain't gonna stand dissa blame alone when he did it all by hisself. Ah'll go right now and git him. Didn't he creep right into Miss Pickford's room and steal everything he wanted? Didn't he bring me that plaid tie for a present, and make me out a thief? You bet ah'll get him."

Everyone was excited as the news spread. We felt from Joe's manner that he had been merely a tool of some older, more subtle brain. He was so willing to give up all he had of the stolen articles, and assured us that he knew just where the "ole rascal" had hidden the rest, we all felt he had been only an unwilling Oliver to some Fagin of "Little Africa."

But Joe led the way straight over to his own quarters with the rest of the boy extras, and after hunting around and calling for some time, he emerged holding an impish little bald faced money in his arms, one used in the bazaar scene.

It was the real thief, too, although Joe had profited by his stealing. We recovered everything, and Joe was not arrested. Both he and the monkey were thoroughly disciplined by the men, but as types they were needed to finish the picture.

MY DAILY LETTERS.

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A WHOLE book could be written around letters I have received from people suggesting the types of pictures they would like to see me in. Some of the suggestive titles ran like these, Adrift in Mid-Skies, Only a Bowery Brat, Sorrow's Child. Sometimes the letters go to the scenario department and often they come to me directly. I cannot help but feel interested in many of the people who write them, their letters are so sincere.

There was one from the Cumberland Mountain district from a young man. He had written out the synopsis in long hand, said he had seen Tess of the Storm Country, and wished I could portray truthfully a girl of his mountain people, not the usual type from the trash or the moonshiners, but a real girl of the Cumberlands.

He wrote very convincingly, and the scenario showed realism and sincerity in its portrayal of the mountain life. It dealt with a girl whose father drives the mail cart up through an isolated lumber district above the Gap. She is the postmistress. The father drinks, and falls into the power of some rival lumber interests that have been encroaching on boundaries, and cutting out valuable trees at night.

The girl's sweetheart is the head of the crooked lumber company. She falls in love with the young Northerner, who is managing the other company. Her father is shot and killed, as he carries the pay sack up to the lumber camp, and the money is taken.

The next day Piney, the girl, drives the cart alone, in spite of the danger. Her sweetheart is arrested for the murder. He accuses the lumber foreman and the mountain sentiment turns against the latter.

Piney herself is denounced for taking his part against her own kind.

This far he got and then the story stuck, as we say. It ramblled without dramatic force or headway. I wrote him that I liked Piney herself, but there must be more plot incident and a big dramatic climax to the trial.

The answer came back with unexpected suddenness. He wrote:

"Dear Miss Pickford:

"You see the trial ain't ended up here yet, and we don't know which way it's going. Public sentiment's

with Jim because he didn't have anything against the old man, and probably only wanted the company cash, the shooting being accidental. Whereas, the foreman and Old Bill quarreled regularly over Bill's drinking habits, and, like as not, he shot him. But Piney's a fine girl and if they keep the other two in jail long enough, and give me a fair chance, I reckon I'll be the hero of this scenario myself."

I never heard how Piney finally settled things, but I'd love to have gone right down there and watched the whole real story work itself out.

Another script came from a man assigned to a consular post on an island in the Malay group. A steamer stopped four times a year. He sent a beautiful story built around a native girl.

The pearl divers go out at dawn. Only maidens are allowed to dive for the pearls, just as the sun rises. But, like the Cumberland case, it was his own life story which was the more interesting.

He wrote to me several times, and told me he had become a woman hater after the girl he loved had married his best college pal on the eve of their own wedding. On the spur of the moment he had accepted the consular post, and the last thing he had seen in San Francisco, the night before he sailed, had been Poor Little Peppina.

"I have written the Pearl Maiden," he wrote, "in the hope that you may like it, and by some miracle come here to my pearl isle to take the picture."

Still another story within a story came to me from behind the walls of Sing Sing. People are usually too close to the events of their own lives to get a dramatic perspective on them. This boy was an Italian, who, I found out later, had a long record as a gunman. Although he had never killed anyone, he had been mixed up in several Mano nero affairs; yet his letters to me were couched in perfect English and he sent me three different scripts, not on Black Hand plots, but built around the romantic period of medieval Italy, picturing me as Orlando's princess love, Blanchefleur, and the gentle Duchess Columba of Sicily, who loved a troubadour.

There is a constant thrill of novelty in opening my daily mail, and finding these letters from all parts of the world, and I never lose interest or sympathy over them. They form one of my greatest sources of happiness.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

LITTLE JANUARY.

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WHEN we were preparing to take The Foundling, I became intensely interested in real founding cases here in New York, and ran across the story of Little January.

It has always seemed one of the tragedies of our social system to me—the awful desperation that drives a mother to desert her child. In Tess of the Storm Country as I cradled the baby in my arms I used sometimes to feel how terrible the reality must be to the girl mother at bay, facing the world with her nameless babe in her arms. Small wonder that the little door up at the Foundling hospital seems the only shelter and answer.

Have you ever seen it—the little door under the main entrance to the big red hospital? It is never locked day or night, and at one side of the small hall within is a room, empty, save for a chair and a waiting bassinets.

Here, every now and then, come the mothers, like passing shadows. They enter fearfully, leave their little ones in the white bassinet and hurry away, some weeping, some with set, white faces. And some, the quiet-faced sisters told me, linger to feed their babies for the last time, their tears falling on the little innocent faces.

There were plenty of stories from real life that thrilled me, told by the sisters up there, but of them all I liked that of Little January best. He had been left in the little receiving room two years previous with nothing on him to give a clue to his parentage. Often a name is written on a slip of paper and pinned to a foundling's breast, or there is a locket with a picture or a lock of hair. But this baby had nothing, although its clothing was hand-made, with every little stitch bearing witness to a mother's love.

The babies are kept at the hospital until their third year, and during this time many are adopted, but it is always the prettiest and healthiest that are taken, and Little January, while he was sturdy and strong, was not one bit pretty. Black-eyed, with thick, reddish curls, and a look of defiance he resented any petting or cuddling, and went his own way with an independence almost comical.

Whenever he was brought out with babies on exhibition to prospective parents, he ruined his chances by howling and kicking resentfully. Because he had been left on a stormy night in January, he was nicknamed Little January. I tried to pet him, but he

would scowl at me doubtfully, and run to hide.

In the summer I paid a last visit, and went around the quiet wards and playrooms. The sister told me Little January had gone away. She smiled as she told me about it.

"It was in the spring. One evening just at twilight a couple drove up in a closed car, and entered the hospital. The wife seemed nervous and agitated as she came up here where the children are and looked at one after the other. It was the bedtime hour, and she saw some in their little white cots and some just being undressed. Each one she scanned with pitiful eagerness and passed on. "Once the gentleman whispered to her, but she shook her head impatiently.

"There was nothing," she answered. "Nothing at all. No mark of any kind."

Finally they came to the cot where Little January. The sister who accompanied them explained gently now he had been left the night of the great storm two years before.

"Was any other child left that night?" asked the woman. She bent over the cot, lifted Little January in her arms, and as the two looked into each other's eyes, the lonely little put his arms close around her neck and hid his face on her shoulder.

"No other one," said the sister, "I was on duty myself in the receiving room, and found only this one there about midnight."

"And did you see who left him?"

The eyes of the two met, one pair eager and pleading, the other inscrutable, calm.

"A girl. I did not see her face."

And that was all. The couple took Little January as their child, and the slim, calm-faced sister told the story to me. What truth lay behind it? What tragedy of every day New York life? Had the thought of her deserted babe haunted the woman after she had weathered her own storm and married? Had she persuaded her husband to let her adopt a foundling, hoping against hope that she would find her own son? Or was it their own forsaken in a frenzy of fear at the world's opinion, and reclaimed afterwards? No one knows, not even the sisters. But I like to think Little January knew when he put his arms around his mother's neck.

Over and over, when we were taking The Foundling, the memory of that little door and the waiting cradle recurred to me. I always try with all my heart to place myself completely in whatever role I am portraying, but I never realized poignant reality more than in those quiet baby wards that shelter these waifs of life.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE LACE FLOUNCE.

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SELF sacrifice for those we love is undoubtedly the noblest of all human qualities, but in some cases it thwarts its own aim by lack of what I should call a clear perspective on life's values.

While one of our companies was in the south, the star, Miss Frederick, required the services of an expert lace mender. She had torn the delicate Mechlin flounce on one of her gowns, and as she had worn it in several scenes, it was necessary to have it for the remainder of the picture to avoid retakes.

She had heard through her maid of "Miss Seliny" who did all kinds of fine sewing and lace work.

"But you'll have to see her yourself, Miss Frederick, 'cause she's proud and mebbe she won't tech it."

It turned out that Miss Seliny was an invalid. She lived with her younger sister, and one old colored woman, in a quaint old house set in a beautiful garden. The sister was a perfect southern rose of a girl, yet she had self sacrifice so drummed into her nature that her whole life lay bound up in the limits of that garden.

They came of a splendid old Georgian family. The father had spent his life dwelling on the achievements of his father, a famous lawyer and senator of war days. After his death the mother had devoted her life to Selina, who had been thrown from her horse and crippled for life. All during Beth's childhood she had been told she must care for her sister, and since the mother had passed away, her whole girlhood had been given in loving service.

Before a week had passed, Beth's beauty had brought her an offer to join a company. It was looked upon as an insult by Miss Selina. She would mend the Mechlin flounce, but never should her sister be an actress in the studio and disgrace the family.

But Beth was of different metal. Something of the newer age of women had found its way into her nature, and when the company came north, she accompanied it, leaving Miss Selina to the care of the old colored servant.

"It's only a trial," she told her. "I'll come back if I fail inside of three months."

But she did not fail. There was a charm and courage about her that added to her beauty, and opened the gates of success for her. She brought her sister north, and gave her into the care of a specialist in spite of Miss Selina's objections. We were all so interested in her story. Love had not come to her yet. She was only 19, but she was clearing the way of happiness for herself and her sister through her pluck in casting aside the fetters of tradition.

By all the sacred laws of self sacrifice she should have stayed in the old southern garden, mending lace and caring for her sister, until Time had gathered her like one of her own rosebuds.

But the spirit of the age came like the enchanted prince and set her free. She did not stay with us long. Better chances were offered her, and just before Christmas she left for the coast, taking Selina with her to recover from her operation out there in the sun-land.

I saw them at their hotel before their departure, Beth, all radiant at the success of the operation, and Selina with a new look of love and appreciation in her eyes, as they gazed on the little sister who had rebelled.

"I am just beginning to realize how selfish I was," she said. "I never dreamt of any future for Beth, unless, perhaps she had married—"

Beth laughed and smoothed her brown hair softly.

"Dear old Seliny," she said tenderly. "Oh, Miss Pickford, what little things change our whole lives. Just think, if that lace flounce had never been torn just at the right time, we might have stayed with Clorinda in the old house all our lives. And I haven't heard Seliny exclaim 'What would father say' once since the operation."

Self sacrifice always needs long distance scrutiny. I, for one, when I hear of some wonderful instance want to get a good look at both sides before I am willing to hail it as the acme of devotion and unselfishness.

Too many times it is misdirected love and energy that turned into the right channels would bring real results.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE OPEN ROAD.

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IHAD several letters from her before she called on me rather suddenly in New York. She had lived in a small town in western Pennsylvania until her marriage with a wealthy, middle aged Pittsburgher who had become infatuated with her.

Her letters to me had been very impulsive and almost embarrassingly confidential. She said she was 20 and had been married nearly two years, that Billie had promised her, if she would be his wife, he would pay for her musical education, and never put any obstacle in the way of a grand opera career for her.

She sent me her photograph as Marguerite at an amateur performance of Faust and some clippings from the local papers hailing her as the "richly dowered young songstress who will some day bring fame and renown to her native city."

She felt impelled to write me, she said, because I had achieved success while still a girl, and most grand opera stars excepting Miss Farrar were usually past 30 before they had experienced the thrill and joy of full recognition.

Her letters betrayed the fact with almost amusing insouciance that she had admitted Billie and his wealth into her scheme of earthly happiness simply as a means to an end. Now she was holding him to his promise, and expected to leave for New York after two years of study with teachers in Pittsburgh. Billie, of course, was to remain at home, so the pilgrimage to art's shrine could be without any distractions.

She called at the studio the day of her arrival, but we were busy taking *Less Than the Dust*, over on Long Island, and I missed her for a few days. When she finally caught me in at the hotel, I was surprised to find her really lovely. Nature had been bountiful in her gifts. Her hair was blonde and curly as a child's and her figure was slender and petite, and she possessed charm, not the charm of the woman of poise, but a childlike ingenuous way that won your interest and sympathy at once.

"Oh, Miss Pickford," she exclaimed. "You don't know what it means to me to face the open road. Marriage has stifled me. Now I can really spread my wings and fly."

She was well supplied with money. Billie was generous. He wrote her twice a day besides telegraphing frequently, she told me laughingly, and she had a charming suite up near the Park.

She asked me what qualities I thought were necessary to win success in the career she had chosen. I told her frankly that in any career a girl follows, womanliness and good faith were her best assets, faith in herself and in humanity, too, for the people we meet in everyday life are very apt to reflect our own estimate of them.

I believe firmly in character rising above the conquering environment. The girl who takes the easiest path will choose it in the safety of her own home if she is that type of girl, quite as readily as she would on the stage.

Of course Lottie, Jack and I belong to a theatrical family, and mother has often said I know little of the other side, the haphazard girl-moth fitting from show to show until she either sings her wings and falls outside the circle of light, or wins the fame of a few months when a new favorite takes her place.

But I told the little 20-year-old Pittsburgh wife not to let New York dazzle or unnerve her, to keep steadily on with her studies, hear the best music, keep herself in good condition physically and mentally, and, incidentally, answer Billie's letters.

My own work through the late 'all and early part of the winter took me away from New York much of the time, while we were taking *The Pride of the Clan*, but I saw her several times. She told me glowingly that she was getting on splendidly, and meeting so many charming people. I noticed she was dressing rather conspicuously, and the make-up around here eyes and on her pretty lips, was quite apparent.

One of the great blunders an untrained girl usually makes in entering any line of theatrical life, is the belief that she must carry the sign manual of the dressing room into daily life, whereas our best known and most successful women of the stage and motion picture world are simply dressed for the street, and make-up in private life is considered very bad taste.

I wanted to tell her to wash her face and leave off the pendant jet and pearl earrings and spangled harem veil, but I only asked after Billie.

"Oh, he's the same dear old boy," she said merrily. "Wants me to come back, but I'm really getting the pace here, don't you know?"

She also told me of going to dinners and for motor rides with this man and that one, "who are kind and anxious to help me."

Another mistake made by girls in our profession is thinking they are advancing through the friendship of different men who usually belong to the outer circle, anyway, and rarely have any influence whatever. Pluck, patience, and perseverance, Mr. Belasco's "three p's," are the best keys to success.

A few days ago I had a letter marked Pittsburgh. It was very human and rather humble. It told how she had been in a motor accident, how Billie had found her in a hospital, and how coming back from the frontier of the Unseen, she had cried out in his arms the story of her silliness here, and her failure to make a success.

But I think she has realized the success of her life in gauging her own weakness, and New York's diet of husks, before her wings were singed.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

CSTING OF A PEARL.

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DEVOTION in a wife, real unselfish devotion, is rarely appreciated at its true worth. Over and over in our profession I have seen it utterly wasted on some man absolutely unworthy of it, and one case I have in mind culminated so comically unexpectedly that I have never forgotten it.

Back in the old Biograph days we knew one actor and his wife who had stepped out of stock work into pictures. She hovered over him constantly with a love that any man would have found horose and tiring. He was really a very handsome chap, and not specially unprincipled, but after he left us to go to a Chicago studio rumors floated back of his attentions to one of the actresses there. People are always ready to go into particulars in any affair of this kind, and we had heard that while the company was taking a Western picture up in Wyoming the couple had quarreled.

In the time that intervened between then and now, we lost sight of her completely, but Mr. H—became one of the popular motion picture hero types. He had managed to slip off the yoke of wedlock somehow, and few people outside those of the old studio crowd knew of his devoted wife, whose sole fault had been her overwhelming blind love for him.

A few months ago it was announced in the papers and motion picture magazines that Mr. H— had met with a severe accident out west while working in a new picture in the mountains above Denver. But only a few knew the inside story. He was injured in the premature discharge of a revolver, which threatened to destroy his eyesight. This meant complete disaster professionally. The world is forgetful of its favorites, and,

after the first news comment and gossip, the affair was forgotten.

Up in the isolated mountain hotel lay Harry. H— with a nurse and his valet. Gradually his money dwindled. He had little to depend on beyond what the company allowed him for medical services.

But one day the local train left a woman passenger at the nearest station. She went up to the hotel in the rickety yellow 'bus and asked for Mr. H's rooms. And once inside, she dropped her suitcase and gloves and went over to the silent figure with the bandaged eyes, sitting by the window, pillowed his head on her breast, and just said:

"Well, dear, I thought I'd better come for fear you might need me."

Of course, every one who knew their previous life said she was foolish. But she stayed on at the hotel and cared for him, capable and serene, not caring what people said. Somehow she seemed different even to him. In place of the old clinging tenderness, there was a buoyant good fellowship.

When all danger was past, she announced that she was going away, and he broke down at the thought of losing her.

"Forget the past. I want you. I love you," he begged.

But she smiled and shook her head.

"It's too late, Harry! I went through agony four years ago when you deserted me and got the divorce. But all that suffering taught me self reliance. And, later, I married the owner of the hotel up there at Mountain View in Wyoming, where you left me. He's a splendid fellow, and he knows I'm here. I guess that tells it all."

Mr. H. recovered his eyesight and is back at the studio, but he has lost his old debonnaire confidence. It is foolish enough to cast a pearl away knowingly, but how much more disconcerting to recover sufficient porcine discernment to realize one's loss.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

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TO many advisers—who, by the way, probably never follow their own advice—have whispered in the ears of lazy wives how to guard themselves against losing their husbands through their own carelessness. But do we dare say anything to the men, who, plunging into the stress of the business world, forget themselves in their efforts to make money and lose their wives, partly through their neglect and partly because they no longer make themselves interesting in the eyes of the women, whom, during courtship days, they struggled so hard to win?

The other evening Ethel Barrymore and I were discussing a young couple here who were happy until the husband became money-mad, after having gleaned a few thousand dollars from a bucket-shop speculation. This gave him the impetus to increase his energies and from early morning until late at night, his wife and the children never caught a glimpse of him. Some evenings she would invite her former theatrical friends in for a pleasant entertainment—cards or musical—but the husband, staggering home exhausted from his exciting day at the office, would not only be too disinterested but too tired to join in any of the merry-making.

"Why did you ask those people here?" he would demand irritably after the guests had departed. "You know how tired I am and what a sacrifice it is for me to have to stay up late after a strenuous day at the office!"

Then it was that the little wife found she had to give up any social life, for after a late dinner, the husband, always complaining of headaches, would retire early. Miss Barrymore found her many evenings, sitting alone in the dimly lighted drawing room, playing solitaire, or silently and unhappily embroidering, not daring even to touch the piano for fear of disturbing him.

"Please do not stay home on my account," he would often insist. "Of course I am really working for you and the children, but at the same time I cannot expect a woman to understand how many crises a day a man

goes through when he is trying to make a fortune on the Stock Exchange."

The colorless, somber months passed by and there were no changes in their lives. During the first years of their marriage, they had been such companions and the wife was proud of her good-looking, tall, broad-shouldered husband who was always well-groomed and well-dressed.

While their bank account grew to surprising proportions, the breach between them grew wider, and it was not long before the wife was seen at the dances and dinner parties without her husband.

One evening at a beautiful party in California given by Blanche Sweet, I had a long talk with the wife, for she, before her marriage, had been an actress and had come to the old Biograph studio to play in pictures. The director prophesied many successes for her, but she was only too glad to give up all idea of a career when she married.

Her husband did not come to the party but dropped in for a few moments at 12 o'clock to call for her. I had not seen him for several years and was almost shocked at the marked change in him. He looked old and round-shouldered; his hair, formerly so sleek and well-brushed, now looked very neglected and gray at the temples. The suit he wore was ill-fitting. "Too busy to see a tailor," was his excuse. His shoes were unpolished and worn at the heels. "Too busy to buy a new pair," he explained.

There were only two or three of us who knew him, so he was introduced to the others, and I noticed, as he was presented, quizzical looks pass from the husband to the wife, the latter so dainty that she did not look as if she belonged to him. Then I saw in her eyes an unhappy embarrassment. She was ashamed of him.

Both Miss Barrymore and I have heard they are not very happy together and gossips have even hinted of a separation. Of course, I do not know how true it is, but this much I do appreciate. . . . a man should make as much of an effort to please his wife as a woman, in spite of her duties of housework and raising a family, generally makes for a husband.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A WORLD LOSS.

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Several years ago when I was playing in California, I had the good fortune to know Jack London, America's great author, who so lately was taken away from us.

We met under rather amusing circumstances out on one of our locations in the Southern hills. I had wandered away from the company and was climbing up a steep hilltop which overlooked a gay spring meadow. The wind was blowing and I had to guard my steps to keep from rolling down the precipice and tumbling unexpectedly into a poppy field.

"Hello, there, little girl!" a man's voice called. "It seems to me that you need help."

I peered cautiously over my shoulder and saw the beaming face of Jack London, whom I recognized immediately from his pictures. Just then a rock broke loose and I stumbled—but before I lost my footing, he reached over and grabbed me by my curls, hanging on until he had dragged me up the cliff again.

"Golly!" I exclaimed, catching my breath as I looked down and realized how near I had been to a disastrous fall. "You arrived just in time, Mr. London."

At the "Mr. London" he started. "Well, how do you know who I am, youngster?" he asked, with another of his beaming, boyish smiles.

I laughed, but did not answer. Then, "What's your name, youngster?" he fired the second question, as he glanced down at my short, tattered dress, ragged stockings and an old broken doll, a valuable property, which I had tied to my apron strings for fear of losing it. Just as I was about to answer rather meekly, a big beetle which had fallen from a branch over my head tumbled into my lap, and with a wild shriek, I disappeared to the other side of the rock.

"You're pretty agile for a kid," he complimented me, as he, too, sprang off the rock. "I suppose you live around here, don't you?"

I shook my head.

"No, I live in the city," and then, more confused than ever, I added, "I—I'm a moving picture actress!"

At this he threw back his head and burst into laughter.

"Oho! So you're an actress, are you! Sarah Bernhardt or Maxine Elliot?" I felt like stepping on his toes for the teasing. At the same time, between you and me, I was rather pleased that he was taking me for a little girl.

"Do you like moving pictures?" I asked him as we sauntered along, stopping to admire a golden burst of California poppies or a windblown bank of buttercups.

"I have seen only a few pictures," he told me, "and know very few of the actors. Hobart Bosworth, who is going to play in some of my stories, is one of them."

"The 'Sea Wolf' will be wonderful!" and I clapped my hands enthusiastically. Jack London smiled.

"The 'Sea Wolf' is the first picture they are going to take and I am glad you think it will be a success."

Somehow or other the conversation drifted around to the moving picture actresses.

"My, but you have pretty curls!" he told me. "That's what made Mary Pickford famous, isn't it?"

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS.

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This past Christmas has been one of the happiest I have ever spent. First and best of all, our little mother, who I told you has been so ill, was well enough to sit up and join in the holiday spirit.

Christmas Eve, Lottie, Jack and I arrived at the hospital, with a laden Christmas tree. Creeping into the room, we made our mother shut her eyes until the candles were all lit.

"It's a Christmas tree," she guessed. "I can smell the pine boughs and hear the tinkle of the ornaments."

"Then open your eyes," we ordered her, while the dazzling candlelight gave a touch of fairyland to the gray-white walls of the hospital room.

After the exchange of presents, I read all the beautiful Christmas letters which were sent to us—some by friends we have known for years, others by those unknown friends whom some day I hope to have the pleasure of meeting personally.

The tired nurses came to join us in our merry-making, while Lottie and I were allowed to visit all of the sick people in the hospital who were well enough to receive us. There were wan little children who had been weighed down in heavy iron casts for years—there were bed-ridden old people—mothers with little bundles pressed close to their breasts. Some were happy—some were sad; some were indifferent and others sent out word they were just too cross to see any visitors at all.

But in spite of the unhappy atmosphere of illness, there was really general rejoicing in the hospital at this Christmas-time.

On Christmas Day, Dorothy and Lillian Gish came visiting, and what joy we had bridging the years which have separated us! For, as I have written before, Dorothy, Lillian and I were playmates in those barn-storming days of our theatrical youth.

"Think of it, Mary—we have grown up!" cried Lillian, clasping her little white butterfly hands together. But even as she said it, I had to study hard to see where she had changed—she still has the same big, baby, blue eyes and the little red rosebud mouth. I wish the admirers of Dorothy and Lillian Gish would see them off the screen; then they could appreciate the more the exquisite delicacy and charm of their coloring.

Besides the reminiscences, the girls brought us all the news of the Western studios and spoke often of the roses in California and the sunshine.

"One of the most impressive sights we saw in Los Angeles," they told us, "was the funeral of old Jim Kidd, the famous cowpuncher of the West."

"For the last two or three years, Jim Kidd, who was seriously injured when his horse fell over a 150-foot cliff, has been more or less an invalid, although with the cowboy's stoicism and pluck, he would never give up the ship," as he expressed it.

"Douglas Fairbanks, who the cowboys admire more than any man who has ever come out of the West, has been taking care of old Jim Kidd and giving him all the comforts which appealed to his old age. But, as he told Douglas, he was expecting any moment to 'hit the

trail on a long, long journey.' And the call came just a few weeks ago."

"Douglas Fairbanks was at his bedside when he died, and to Douglas he left his saddle, the dearest possession of a cowboy. At the funeral the cowboys from all over the state came dressed in their full regalia, riding their little Western horses. Following the hearse was Jim Kidd's faithful old horse, and behind the horse was one of the old-fashioned stage coaches which brought the mail to the ranches in the early fifties. Jim Kidd had driven many such a coach through the rocky passes and across the desert wastes."

"After the funeral, poor Douglas Fairbanks received a telegram saying his mother was very ill, and when the cowboys saw him off at the train, there was a pall of silence over everyone."

While Mr. Fairbanks was traveling, from California to New York, a terrible snowstorm hurled itself across the middle Western states, causing a railroad blockade. Hundreds of telegrams were sent to him, keeping him well posted as to his mother's condition, but he read between the lines and knew that when they could hold out no hope to him, the end was drawing very near.

There is an ache in the hearts of all his friends and admirers—for he has made many of them in his few months on the screen. Perhaps you have read it or perhaps I am telling you for the first time—but poor Douglas Fairbanks arrived just a few hours too late.

In the future when he laughs at you from the screen, you will remember his own words to some of his friends. "Like the clown, Pierot, I must go on laughing and singing for my livelihood—with the tears eternally in my heart."

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. V. M.—I am glad you feel that my advice is good and has been of benefit to your daughter. But do not scold her too much for being natural—it is her greatest charm. It is not the actress that poses, but the actress who is natural who wins the greatest reward.

Henry S.—The stories about your little boy were very amusing and pleased me very much. You must be very proud of such a fine, manly little chap.

Bertha Gray—Marguerite Clark is not married. She is still with Famous Players studio, New York City. Her latest release is "Snow White."

D. B.—Earle Williams' latest release is "The Scarlet Runner," a serial. Anita Stewart's latest release is in "The Girl Philippa." They are not appearing together in pictures at present.

D. H.—It takes about six weeks to produce a five-reel feature picture. Most tropical scenes are taken in Cuba or Florida, if the company is not situated in California. Winter scenes are taken in Canada or the Adirondacks.

Virginia F.—"The Mother and the Law" was released by D. W. Griffith under the title of "Intolerance."

MARY PICKFORD.

MARY PICKFORD

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRLS.

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We have just started a new picture, an adaptation of Eleanor Gates's play, "The Poor Little Rich Girl." It is a simple story, one with which you are probably familiar, but it should swing a great lesson with it, not only to the poor little girls but to the parents of the rich ones as well.

It shows the poor children that happiness is not always found in the great big golden cages of the rich, and it also teaches mothers that their first consideration should be the love and welfare of their children.

As I have often told my readers, when we are planning a new role, we study our subject, not only while the picture is being taken, but weeks before we begin. That is what enables us to give reality to the characters we portray, for if we are not sure of ourselves, we have difficulty in assimilating the individuality of another type, foreign to ours.

In "Madame Butterfly," I engaged a very intelligent Japanese maid and butler, and, from morning until night, watched every move they made to learn their Oriental mannerisms.

In "Poor Little Peppina" I lived among the Italian people—in fact, I had a well-known Italian linguist instruct me not only in their individualities but in the musical language of Italy.

I have already told you how hard I worked to learn the little Dutch dances and gestures for "Hulda from Holland," and for "The Pride of the Clan," what difficulty I had in mastering the Scottish accent, their native dances and the spirit of the women of Scotland.

Then along came "The Poor Little Rich Girl," a different character from any I have ever played. After reading the play and the book, I thought of all the little girls I know who are living in their beautiful, luxurious homes on Fifth avenue and the Drive.

Then for several afternoons I visited their mothers and watched the child studying their exquisite manners and feeling sorry for some of their wan, pale and hungry-eyed little faces.

One affectionate little girl longed to climb up into her mother's lap, hug her close and press her pale cheek to her mother's soft, perfumed one. But this pleasure she was denied because the mother was expecting other guests, and she could not have her beautiful afternoon gown mussed by clinging arms. Nor could she be disturbed or even annoyed by the pleadings of the little girl, so a rather stern looking governess and a dull-eyed, none-too-kindly nurse were called to take the persistent child out of the drawing room.

I watched her from the window, stopping pitifully to gaze at a group of laughing, shouting poor children, who were playing in the snow, before she climbed into their beautiful limousine and was driven away.

Christmas Day this very lonesome girl

was given a magnificent tree. On the tree there were probably hundreds of dollars' worth of toys.

"Santa Claus is very good to you, isn't he?" I remarked, as I glanced around her nursery.

"But I didn't write for all these things," she whispered in my ear. "I wrote for little brothers and sisters to play with."

"One child is enough trouble," the mother remarked. "I am thankful we have only Marylyn."

"But what is the use of having toys if there is no one to play with them?" and there were two tears glistening in the little girl's eyes. "I would rather be as poor as the wash-lady's children, if I could have as much fun as they do. I saw them throwing snowballs the other afternoon, and the girls were sliding downhill on sleds!"

"How uncouth!" the mother remarked, as she flounced out of the room. And strange to say, she repeated almost to a word one of the famous lines of the play, "To think we have given her everything—and she isn't even grateful!"

So you poor little girls, who look with envy at the big marble palaces, let me tell you that money does not bring as much happiness as health, companionship and a dear, loving mother, who, though she has six or seven of you to raise, has time and patience enough to give each an equal share of love and tender devotion. I am glad that when Lottie, Jack and I were children, we were of the class of Rich Little Poor Girls.

Answers to Correspondents.

Marjorie W.—"The Thirteenth Chair" is not a moving picture, as you suppose, but a play. I do not know when it will appear in your town.

Dottie F.—First wash your face in lukewarm water with a good soap, rinse in cold water, then rub with a small piece of ice.

Evelyn B.—I cannot say how long I will be in New York, as I may have to leave at any time on my next moving picture.

A. C. G.—Do not worry if your scenario has not been returned as promptly as formerly. The holiday season has made the mail very heavy. Also, the scenario department may have more work than usual or may be holding your story for consideration.

Goidie D.—You can write Miss Young, care of the Clara Kimball Young Corporation, New York City. Pearl White is still with Pathe. Her latest release is another serial, "Pearl of the Navy."

James H.—I cannot recommend any school which teaches scenario writing, except the course at Columbia College.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

FOR AMATEUR SCENARIO WRITERS.

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This last week I have received over fifty manuscripts from amateur writers who implored me to read them. Although I am very much interested in the young, ambitious writer, my own work takes up so much of my day that I cannot find time for anything else.

So, in the future, you who are so kind as to write plays for me will you please send them to the Artcraft Company, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City, where the scenario editor of my company will give them his personal attention.

Glancing over the scripts, I notice that most of them were not typewritten, and again I must impress upon you that only typewritten manuscripts are read.

The scenario departments of all the well established producing companies are just as eager to buy good stories as the authors are to sell them, and there is as great an opportunity for the young writer as for the successful novelist or playwright.

For instance, in most of the contests, amateurs have won the prizes. The sequel to "The Diamond from the Sky" was written by a woman who had never had any experience in photoplay writing before.

The Lasky prize scenario, "Witchcraft," was written by a college boy, and some of my most successful plays have come from the pens of unknown authors.

In the first place, all writers must guard against the stealing of another's ideas, consciously or unconsciously. Here is an example of what I mean.

A very clever story was read to me the other day, and we were just about to purchase it, when one of the directors remembered having seen the story several years ago in a popular magazine.

We sent for all the back issues and the story was traced. While some of the characters had been changed slightly, the plot was obviously the same.

We all know there are many cases of so-called plagiarism in which both parties are innocent, and as I compared the stories, I thought of a similar incident which happened to me not long ago. Thinking of unusual situations, I evolved an idea which struck me as forceful and novel. Eager to build it into a story, I told it to a girl friend, a scenario writer. She did not say anything, but that evening brought me a volume of Tolstol, and there was the situation worked out exactly as I had contrived it in one of his short stories!

Thinking that the case of the author of the scenario was perhaps similar to mine, we wrote to him and explained how we had discovered a corresponding magazine story, published several years ago. Then we waited for his answer, expecting to hear from the young man that he had been entirely innocent of any attempt to steal ideas from other authors. But here is his letter, which I must publish as an example to others.

"Dear Miss Pickford:
"Being a movie fan myself, I have seen hundreds of pictures and recog-

nized that most of the plots have been taken from stories in books and magazines. Some are by famous authors, like Hugo, Dickens, Daudet, and Zola, and yet upon the screen were the names of so-called scenario writers. This gave me the idea that I could use any story I found, so long as I changed the characters slightly so it would not conflict with the copyright. In fact, I have sold two or three stories to big companies, like yours, and have no complaints from them. If others can do this, why can't I?"

We were astonished to receive such a letter as this, and my manager investigated. Two days later a producing company was sued by a publishing house for having put on the screen a story of which they owned the copyright. It had been sold to them as an original story by the writer of the above letter. The publishing company, in the lawsuit, held up the picture for several months, and then it could not be released until the producing company paid heavy damages.

This led to a thorough investigation and the culprit narrowly escaped a term in prison. So you who are ambitious to write scenarios must be very guarded as to your methods of procuring ideas.

An original thought you will find to be very remunerative, but the first time you attempt to do anything that is not true to yourself and others, I am sure you will come to grief.

Always bear this in mind: In writing for the screen, the amateur really has a better opportunity of making good than the scenario writer, who, through hard work, often exhausts his ideas.

Answers to Correspondents.

Frances D.—Vernon Steele played opposite Marguerite Clark in "Silks and Satins." David Powell played Freneau in "Gloria's Romance."

Dorothy C.—Robert Vaughn played the role of the Doctor with Marguerite Clark in "Still Waters."

Virginia B.—Maud Gilbert played opposite William Farnum in "Samson." Theda Bara is not married. Helen Ware is playing the leading role in "The Garden of Allah," which has not yet been released.

Josephine King—John Bowers played opposite me in "Hulda from Holland." David Powell in "Less Than the Dust."

M. B. R.—Ethel Clayton and Carlyle Blackwell played the leading roles in "A Woman's Way." Wally Reid in "To Have and To Hold."

Gertrude Thomas—Anita Stewart in "The Combat." Marie Dorso's next picture will be "Oliver Twist," but it has not yet been released.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE PALL OF LONELINESS.

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THE other afternoon, when I was passing a moving picture theatre, I met Alice Brady, and we went in to see one of her pictures called, A Woman

Alone.

It was the very human story of a young girl who had married a telegraph operator and gone out into the wilderness to one of those small, lonely railroad stations, miles away from civilization. And as the picture progressed, it made the audience understand how the terrible monotony of the grinding wheels of the trains, as they passed by, was driving the wife to desperation and a mental breakdown.

Years ago when Mr. Griffith was producing a one-reel screen version of Ramona, and I was playing the title role we went out into the desert for some of our scenes.

Leaving one of the small stations, we drove miles across the outskirts of Death Valley, following the railroad tracks so as not to lose our way as so many countless thousands have done, and wander out into the sandy death trap.

It was there we came across a little flag station, where the trains stopped only once every day or two, for water when it was necessary. A deep well had been sunk and while the supply was not plentiful, it was enough to make a small area of green oasis in this desert waste.

"Is it possible that anyone lives here?" I asked, as we approached the little shack and thought we saw more than one figure standing in the doorway.

"What a living death it must be!" and Mr. Griffith looked around him, for as far as the eye could see, outside of the railroad tracks and a few skeletons of cactus looming against the sky, there was nothing but sand and shriveled sage brush. Even as we gazed around the tall, gaunt, raw-boned figure of a woman came swinging toward us, stopping short with a terrifying smile of welcome, as she stared from one woman of us to the other.

I drew back almost frightened by her steady glance, until the most heartbreaking sigh quivered her lips and she said, in broken tones, "Thank God you've come! It's been six years since I've had a woman to talk to!" Her husband, a strong, fine looking man, who appeared to be years younger than his wife, joined her in insisting that we stop and have a bite to eat with them.

"We ain't got much to offer you but it's a Godsend for Jenny to hev a little society. Sometimes I swear to goodness that Jenny is dying on her feet fer want of chatterin' wimmin folks."

Never will I forget that crude meal prepared by the excited woman,

whose face was flushed and whose eyes glowed like living coals as she leaned over the table, saying little but listening feverishly to everything we had to tell her of the world beyond the horizon.

"What kind o' styles is the wimmin wearin' now?"

We told her, for then it was the fashion of the Merry Widow hat, the elbow sleeves and circular skirts. Then we told this poor, hungry creature of the social life she had been divorced from for over 20 years; of the fashions in skating and dancing, and of bridge playing, a card game more interesting than the old whist and euchre of her day.

"Can't we send you some magazines?" I asked, hoping it would bring her into touch with the world. But she shook her head.

"When I come here first, I tried as hard as I could to keep up with the times, but the more I read, the lonelier I got for that life away from the desert, so I jest quit readin' and dreamin' and prayin' to some higher and mighty power that we could git away from here."

"But why don't you leave?" came involuntarily from my lips.

"It's too late now," and the woman again shook her head. "It's taken us 20 years to grow a ranch out of the sand, which some day is goin' to yield us a pretty fair harvest. We can't leave now until our work is done and we git some reward for our sacrifice."

"A ranch?" we echoed, hardly believing it possible.

The husband smiled proudly. "Wait till we show yer."

After the noonday meal, we walked to where, a short distance from the station, a few acres had been converted through toil and travail into a blooming orange and lemon grove. The fruit was ripe at the time and we tasted it. Never were oranges sweeter.

"Look!" the woman cried. "An alligator pear tree!"

"And dates!" we exclaimed. "What an oasis!"

When we left, the woman made us carry away a basket of oranges.

"Some day will you write to me?" she asked each of us in turn. "Just a little letter! It will help keep me goin' until the end comes."

We promised, and during the following year sent her many postal cards while out on our different expeditions, until we received a very pathetic letter from the husband, telling us his wife had passed away.

"I buried her several miles from the house, on a mesa which overlooks the desert, her face toward the cities she was always pining for."

It is these little human stories we come in contact with in every-day life that amateur scenario writers should use as their material, for, after all, it is something which really exists that goes to make the most successful pictures.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE DEVIL BOX.

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The choice of a vocation is such an important thing it always seems to me it should be left to the one most interested. The old Chinese custom of having a sort of christening party, and holding a tray out to a baby to choose from, never appealed to me as a wise thing for the baby. If it took a silken skein of raw silk, it was destined for a silk merchant. If it took up a bamboo writing stick, it was educated as a clerk or a scribe. If it chose the rice grains, it became a rice merchant. And so on.

I know when I was a toddler, I always had a perfect mania for dressing up and making believe I was somebody else, but when I got to be 6 or 8 years old, I declared I was going to be a nurse girl, and care for all the babies I could find. It is almost impossible for me even now to pass a wee rosebud of a baby on the street in a carriage without stopping to look at it, and cuddle it. And this led to one of the funniest experiences I ever had.

We were out West at the time, taking a picture, in the old Biograph days. It was a mining camp location, and I knew a baby was needed. There wasn't a single one to be found for miles around, and it was out of the question to use a property one. Our director was in despair. He inquired of everybody. No, there were no babies in that part of the country.

Finally one of the extra men, Steve, announced that he knew where there was a baby that, as he expressed it, could be rented. He volunteered to go after it, but said it was a day's journey up in the mountains, and then he'd have to bring the mother back with him.

Anyway, we had to wait in suspense while he went after it. It was a beautiful part of the mountains. There was a lake, I remember, where we fished, and at dawn we saw timid troops of wapiti come down to drink from its brink.

We needed a few Indians in the picture, and had secured the services of several. Stolid, noncommunicative, they sat around and smoked most of the time, until Steve arrived. Trailing at the heels of his broncho was a piebald Indian pony bearing a squaw and a papoose. He had at least found a baby, irrespective of color.

Such a time as we had making up that terra cotta tinted mite to look like a civilized product, and just as it was finally ready, I wanted to take a kodak picture of it. Well, no sooner had I snapped it than the mother set up a perfect yowl of rage. She seized the papoose and started for the piebald pony, hobbled out with our horses. The other Indians heard her, and they all began to talk in rich Arapahoe to each other. Finally, they, too, started for their ponies, and no explanations were forthcoming. It looked as if we were going to lose our whole Indian contingent, and the picture would have been delayed indefinitely.

"Now what do you suppose has got into that crowd of Indians?" asked Steve, scratching his head. "They ain't got any call to stampede that way. Who talks 'Rapahoe' around here?"

It turned out that a half breed in with the extras knew a little bit, so he was delegated to interview the Indians. He came back sheepishly, looking at me, and grinning.

"Indian say she got devil in black box," he said. "Devil throw bad spell over papoose."

That meant my kodak. It was a very nice one, a gift to me, but I knew it had to be sacrificed. So I took it in my hands, and with our director and two of the other men, I went to where the Indian mother stood, her sallow black eyes fairly blazing with anger. Humbly enough, we made her understand the devil in the black box was to be sacrificed. Then we led the way up to the margin of the lake. It seems comical to write of it now, but then it really was quite serious for the whole success of the picture depended on our retaining the friendship and services of those Indians.

Our leading man took the kodak, held it above his head with both hands, declaimed Hamlet's soliloquy solemnly, and threw the "devil box" far out into the quiet waters of the lake. The Indians accepted the sacrifice stoically and marched back to the camp, feeling that the papoose was now safe.

Yes, we got the picture all right, and it came out splendidly, even if the baby did look rather of a brunette type. And by the time she had been with us a few days, I had made friends with the squaw mother so that she would even allow me to pet the baby and hold it, but she never knew that before I gave up the kodak to be cast into the lake. I carefully removed the roll of film, and still have the snap shot of that papoose.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. L. F.—I agree with you that suitable music adds greatly to the artistic atmosphere of any large photoplay. I love the old Scotch airs in "The Pride of the Clan," too.

K.—I think it is charming of you to take all the trouble of painting a portrait of me. I was so surprised when I received it. I will write you personally later.

Garrette E.—It is a compliment to receive such a letter from one of our soldier boys. Indeed I am never too busy to read letters from my friends.

Ella S.—It was nice to get a letter from a real Scotch lassie. I am sending you a picture of Marget in "The Pride of the Clan" and hope it will be what you like. Write to me again fully of your life in Scotland.

Henrietta A.—It is such letters as yours that make me feel how privileged I am to win so many friends. I would love to see the album you describe.

Mr. Hazel M.—I am glad you liked "Hulda from Holland." I did have lots of fun during the taking of that picture, and I am pleased that it has amused others. I would not use kid curlers on my hair if I were you. If it has a natural tendency to curl, you should be able to train it easily into the style that is the most becoming. I think, too, that Evangeline would make a very beautiful picture. I sympathize with you in the loss of your college boy friends at the front. Of course, I am proud that I am a Canadian, too, but I do not agree with you at all in your estimate of the public on this side of the line. It has been too good and sweet to me in every way all my life, and has given me my greatest success.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

MY FAVORITE PERFUME.

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I AM often asked the name of my favorite perfume, and it reminds me of a little colored maid mother once had working for her. I asked her what her favorite color was, and she said plaid.

It is so hard to select one perfume out of all the world of fragrance, and be content with it. Perfumes always bring back memories to me. I never catch the whiff of rose geranium, but it makes me think of a lovely old-fashioned garden that dipped to meet the shore up near Scituate, Mass. I was only a little girl then, and it was one of the few real vacations that we children, Lottie, Jack, and I, ever had.

We boarded with a sweet old lady, the widow of a whaling captain. I know it seems as if every sailor was a captain all the way from Nantucket to Cape Cod, but this old chap had sailed the "Three Cheers" and Jack used to name his toy boats that for years. I never get the scent of rose geranium but what it is blended with the salt air, old fashioned white roses, honeysuckle clambering up the gray old porch, and the morning glory vines that nearly covered an old pilot house we adored, marooned high and dry on the sandy shore from some long ago wreck.

One day last spring, instead of using the machine, I rode down to the Famous Players' studio, on West Fifty-fifth street, on a Riverside 'bus that turned east toward Fifth avenue at Fifty-seventh street. At Columbus Circle a young girl got on, with a little bunch of trailing arbutus pinned to her coat. As she sat down beside me, the fragrance stole through the whole interior of the 'bus. It made you think of pine woods where you have to kneel and scrape away the dry needles to find the first arbutus buds, and of old pastures where it grows close around the gray rocks.

Across from me sat one of those richly dressed, well-groomed women of 60 or more that New York seems to specialize in. They may be grandmothers, but they carry themselves with the grace and youthfulness of nicely behaved debutantes. As the perfume reached her, there came a subtle change over her face. Her eyes sparkled and her chin lifted eagerly, as she located the source of the perfume, and she leaned over to the girl and said:

"My dear, where did you find the arbutus? I am from New England, and the season is late there. We haven't any yet."

"I bought this from a little boy up

at the Circle. He has a whole tray of it," said the girl shyly; adding, "perhaps it is from the south. We find it in the woods in North Carolina the end of February."

And the little bunch of arbutus was a link of sisterhood between those two, the woman from Fifth avenue and the little girl from Carolina's pine woods. At the next corner the former alighted from the 'bus and walked back to find the boy. I wondered what memories lurked for her in that tiny cluster of pink buds.

There was one picture we were taking where we needed fresh wild flowers, and it was too early for any real ones. The company was at a new location up in the Hudson Highlands, and our director wired to New York for wild flowers to be sent by special messenger.

Perhaps you have never tried to hunt wild flowers in January in New York. It makes one think of the old fairy tale where the poor little stepchild was sent out after strawberries in the snow, and found the house of the dwarfs. But I have never forgotten the box that arrived the next morning, brought up to us by a messenger from the studio. It was filled with fresh violets, snowdrops, poets' narcissus, and long sprays of flowering currant. We had all been working hard up there in the cold and snow, and when the cover was taken off the box in my dressing room, I really thought I had never smelled such wonderful fragrance with such a glorious promise of spring.

Violets are my favorite flower. I don't know why. I love them anywhere I find them, growing wild or calling to me to from a florist's window, the close little double ones or the great single-petaled Parma variety. Once, when we were over in New Jersey, we walked out to a gypsy camp near Bound Brook. The old queen, Mary Smith, and her nine daughters entertained us, and there was a circle of young boys who stood around, eyeing us eagerly. They were half-clad young savages, I know, who rode horses bareback, but the next day, as I was waiting for the taking of a scene, one of our men came towards me with a tall young gypsy boy of about 16, carrying a huge pasteboard suit box. Without a word he laid it at my feet, turned and went away. When I opened it, I found bunches of white and purple violets, wild ones, imbedded in green moss, a gift from the camp. It seemed to me one of the sweetest tributes I had ever received.

But I have no favorite perfume. To each month of the year and each epoch of one's life belong separate memories and various flowers. How may one choose a single one?

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

NATURE'S WITCHCRAFT.

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Not long ago I read a bit from Cicero, just one of those little vagrant selections one finds at random in the newspapers. It told how Nature ruled the heart and its emotions, how we humans were swayed into the great primitive ways of joy and grief, love and hate, once we found ourselves free from convention, out in the wilderness, alone with Mother Nature.

And on the same day I received a letter from a girl friend playing in one of our Western companies. It fairly bubbled over with radiant happiness. You caught the thrill of her joy in every line. Yet only two months ago this same girl had lunched with me, and I had left genuinely sorry to find her bored already, even with success. Now she wrote:

"I know you can't understand what this means to me, but out in these wonderful mountains love has come to me, and instead of being the mincing, masked Harlequin of the city, Mary, it is the very angel of life.

"The strangest part is that I had known Tom for several years; that is, we had met casually, among mutual friends, whenever we both happened to be in New York at the same time. He had seemed just a nice sort of boy to me, and I am sure I had not attracted him specially, but since we met up here in these great, windswept spaces, we have learned what love and real matehood mean. Yes, even that, for we rode on horseback two days ago miles down into the valley and found the 'parson.' You see, up here one loses all superficiality, the veneer of convention and custom. Day by day it all slips off your shoulders. It isn't the romance of the part you are acting before the camera, although we are sweethearts in that, too, but it must be this sudden wrenching away from modern life as we have known it, and finding ourselves on a mountain with a playmate. Love should be a playmate. We put him into long trousers too soon, and make him behave. Oh, I am having such a glorious time. We are camping out together just at the head of the gorge. Honeymoon Glen, the company have named it. I am enclosing some 'snaps.'"

The little kodak pictures showed her with her hair in a long braid, whipping a mountain brook for trout, bare legged, laughing, looking about fourteen. I glanced at her latest press photograph over on my desk, a lovely girl face, rounded bare shoulders, drooping wistful mouth, all well posed for effect. And I laughed to myself. Dan Cupid had surely perched on the camera man's shoulder up in the mountains.

I wonder what this magic spell is that has caught so many of our well-known stars when they have gone outside the artificial circle of stage life into Nature's spaces. Each one has been a complete romance in itself—Miss Farrar and Mr. Lou-Tellegen, Marie Doro and Elliott Dexter, Tom Moore and Alice Joyce, and ever so many others. And these are only counting the stars. I know of one picture that was taken up at Delaware Water Gap last spring, and before the five weeks had passed, no less than ten couples came back to New York engaged, and one of the men was the director. When location can even soften a director's heart, Nature has accomplished a miracle.

During the winter, another girl I knew who had been through the marriage bond once and had been most unhappy, laughed when I told her to

be careful and not lose her heart up in northern Michigan. The picture was "The Flower of the Snows," some name like that. It was supposed to be Alaskan, but the difficult ice scenes were taken up near the Straits, and all of the ice-floe scenes were taken around Mackinac.

I heard from her pretty regularly until she wrote of a change in assistant directors. The new one, she had learned, was her former husband whom she had believed to be in Australia.

"Would you throw up everything and come back if you were in my place," she wrote. "I am so unnerved and tense I don't know what to do, and, of course, my failure would merely be a compliment to him, showing him he still has the power to make me suffer."

I wrote and told her to put the past behind her, and keep her sense of humor. She had not been in the least to blame. Ted, as all of us well knew, had been careless and improvident, and had left her ill and helpless, while he went to the coast and later to New Zealand and Australia with a company. There was no doubt that she still loved him, but I tried my best to make her bring her pride and pluck to the rescue. The end of it was, Ted fell madly in love with his own wife, finding her this elusive, piquant, nonchalant girl of the northern wilds, fur clad and pink cheeked. When she returned here to New York his constant devotion was the joke of their circle, but they were remarried last week, and Ted lays it all to the lure of the wilds.

Answers to Correspondents.

Cecil D.—I liked "Tess of the Storm Country" best of all my characters, too, but the poor little waif in "Less Than the Dust" who has not even a father's love to comfort her, seems to me even more of an appealing type.

Ivy H.—The letter from you and Dorothy is very sweet. I am glad you liked "Poor Little Peppina." I have put your picture on the wall in my bedroom, so we can both say good morning to each other, can't we?

A. M.—My dear child, be very thankful that your eyelashes curl. They give a charming expression to any eyes.

Thelma S.—Thank you for all the pleasant things in your letter. I will tell Jack what you say. We have no pictures of ourselves taken together.

Andree W.—I dearly love to get letters from all of my friends, and am glad that you liked "The Foundling" so much. I hope that it will not be long until you can return to your home in Belgium. You have all of my sympathy.

Cecile G.—Unless you are certain you have exceptional talent I would not advise your entering the motion picture field. You are far too young to neglect your education without your mother's consent, and I would certainly not advise your attempting anything without it.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

ADAPTABILITY.

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NOT long ago, I happened to drop in unexpectedly at the apartment of a girl whose father is a western millionaire many times over.

I found Nan kneeling on the floor, her mouth full of pins, surrounded with materials for a gown.

"Sit down," she mumbled, waving the shears at me. "I am making a new dress."

And she was, too. She had made an exquisite little water color design for it, and was having a splendid time. While her mother was out that afternoon, we sat on the floor and cut and basted. And she was a girl who, at that time, could have gone anywhere in New York, Paris or London, and had almost unlimited credit.

That was last September. The other day, as I was talking to Ethel Barrymore, she asked me if I had been down to Nan's shop yet. I asked her what she meant, and she told me Nan's father had lost all of his money very suddenly, and that Nan had calmly established herself in an exclusive little designing shop just off Fifth avenue, and was smiling at the world.

I went down to see her right away. She had rented a stable, one of those private ones that have been left marooned as the business tide sweeps away the private dwellings.

It was all fixed up artistically in red and black, and was just as smart and pretty as could be. The stalls were little fitting rooms and the lighting fixtures were red candles set in the rims of real red and black cart wheels suspended by black chains from the ceiling.

Nan was happier than I had ever seen her.

"Oh, Mary," she told me, joyously, "Every one's lovely to me. It's the dearest old world that ever was. Here Dad's whole business goes up like a Zeppelin in one puff, and I've got the reins now, and am making money, real money. Remember how mother used to laugh at me for liking to design my own gowns?"

It made me think of something I

studied about once — the queen's dairies at the Trianon, and Victoria's wonderful gardens and dairies at Osborne house and Balmoral castle. Surely every queen and dainty fingered princess and lady-in-waiting in all the world should be taught a way to earn her livelihood for fear some day she might find the golden treasure in the royal coffers turned to dry leaves.

So many girls, not only those in very rich families, but the other type too, whose fathers earn from \$10,000 a year up to \$100,000 think the golden rain will keep up forever. Mother says they were different when she was a girl. Over and over she remembers where a girl of wealthy family married for love and worked along shoulder to shoulder with her husband until success came to him. Whereas, she says, nowadays, a girl expects every prince to bear his crown in one hand and his money credentials in the other, when he comes wooing.

I think it's much better to feel you can be self-supporting if you have to. It puts you on such nice friendly terms with the world. Instead of being the giant ogre who likes to devour the fairest and youngest of the king's daughters, you grow to look upon it as a friend, and you lose your fear of what tomorrow may bring to you.

And if you can't be a designer or artist, be a good cook. I've always told the family, I'm perfectly positive I could make a splendid living if I had to as a cook. I don't mean an ordinary cook. I'd specialize. I can make the best caramel cake you ever tasted, and I'd spread caramel cake all over the country with M. P. on top in frosting. I'd make people believe they just couldn't be happy without M. P. caramel cake.

Lottie's the only one who believes I could get away with it, but then, she always said if she had to she could paint houses. We found her one day up a ladder the painters had left, painting the side porch a beautiful sea green. She was only ten, but genius will crop out in early youth sometimes.

What do you really think, girls? Even if you never had to earn your living, isn't it best to know how?

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A GIFT FROM THE NORTH.

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You would be surprised to see the variety of gifts that come to me from all over the world. Of course the collection is subject to my own personal Board of Censorship. That is not my name for Mother. Jack gave it to her for fun, and she never minded one bit. She just smiled that little wise smile of hers, and said one thing was certain, we all needed that same Board, and we agreed with her.

Anyway, one day I had a card from the customs office about a parcel from Canada that was held for duty. I was not expecting anything at all, and was just on tiptoe with excitement, seeing everything from silver fox pelts to walrus teeth.

Mother went down with me, and I never forget the opening of the box. It had come from the Athabasca Lake region, and painted on the outside, beside the address it read—

"From Princess Red Feather.

Supply Post No. 13.

Circle Island.

Athabasca Lake.

Saskatchewan, Canada."

Wasn't that enough to make one fairly tingle with excitement? I leaned over mother's shoulder, expecting to see anything almost that was romantic and wonderful.

And wrapped in a sheet of rough brown store paper, and again inside of that sewn into a strip of cloth, we found a pair of "mutlocks." I think the Customs official called them, high deerskin boots for an Indian girl to wear, beautifully made, and ornamented. Under them I found a small pair of moccasins, of softest doeskin painted and fringed, with dyed red quills of some water bird laid on the toes in a sort of sunburst pattern.

Then there was a letter slipped into one of the boots, written in a child-like hand.

"Dear Miss Pickford—

"I am a little Indian girl, thirteen years old, and I have your picture cut from a magazine our teacher had. I like the way your face looks, and so I am sending you boots and moccasins. I wear the same kind. Will you send me the kind you wear, please?"

"Red Feather."

Wasn't that perfectly dear? And they just fit me, too, the prettiest, oddest little footgear you can imagine. I put on the boots the first good snow-storm we had this winter, and made Jack take me for a long tramp way up along the Hudson towards Riverdale.

I wonder if she had as much fun out of the box I sent her in return, little pink satin mules, and high-laced brown suede street shoes. Just think of little Red Feather trying them on the first time! I wonder if they brought to her the thrill of the New York debutante, if she felt her first interest in this world down here, and the girls who trip in such shoes.

When I put on her "mutlocks" they were like magical boots. Jack said I looked like "Puss" with them on, and a short fur-edged skirt, but I felt like all the Indian maids who had ever trod the snows in the Aurora Borealis Land.

Isn't it queer how clothes affect us? I know they do me. I don't care a bit for rich fabrics or extremes of style. I'd rather wear a Norfolk suit and a tam than anything else just now, but I do love clothes that mean something, clothes that make me feel I am somebody else. And that is why I sent those pink satin mules. Won't Red Feather have fun in them? You've heard of exchanging photographs, haven't you, and rings, and locks of hair, but did you ever exchange shoes for friendship? Does anybody know what the meaning of it is when you get moccasins and "mutlocks" for a present?

Jack says it means—

"Keep moving," but he always did stick pins in my soap bubbles.

Answers to Correspondents.

Baldy, Jr.—I hope you like the picture. Your letter was deliciously funny, and I assure you it did not land in the waste basket. Won't you write me again, and tell me which picture you like the best?

Marcel R.—Your letter seemed to transport me to "somewhere in France." It is indeed a privilege to feel that in these terrible days, I have been able to give any happiness to you and others who are on the firing

line. I hope it will not be very long before the war is over, and you are back in London.

Rhea S.—You must not think that I do not see the letters which are sent me. I take the keenest interest in opening the mail myself, and telling my secretary just what to say to each. I am sure you will like the "Pride of the Clan" and do hope that you will write again more fully about yourself.

Alice B.—I hope little Nellie will enjoy "The Pride of the Clan." It must have been very interesting for you to see "Less Than the Dust" with your Flemish hero. I do not wonder that you are proud of his record, and it is indeed a compliment for him to think that my picture was really taken in India.

Violet T.—Your suggestions on my daily talks are very helpful. I enjoyed playing "Cinderella" myself, although the "Foundling" was, as you say, a much more sympathetic picture. It is very sweet of you to say you like my talks. I, too, feel the bond of friendship with my readers.

May O.—One has to put one's whole heart into one's work, as you say, in order to give it the personal appeal. My hair is naturally curly. No, I am very fortunate in having the wonderful health and constitution that come, perhaps, from the discipline and simplicity of a Canadian childhood.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

EVERYDAY HEROINES.

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I HAVE just seen Miss Farrar's wonderful Joan the Woman. It leaves me with almost awe at the character of the little wide-eyed peasant girl who faced the flames without fear.

Then, as we came out on the street, and the rush of everyday life swept by, I thought to myself, how many of these souls faced a daily martyrdom of worries and uncertainties. Wasn't it easier to be Joan with her dream voices leading her on in an ecstasy of exaltation at the head of France's army, than the little factory girl who rises year after year at five. The eight hour labor law has not touched these girls.

"Standing with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet, Maidenhood and childhood sweet." I know ever so many of the small "mi" towns through New England where you see the long line of girls and boys going into the factories at six in the morning to labor until six at night.

The boy who drove us up from the railroad station one night to a location for 'The Eternal Grind, told me that his little 15-year-old sister, Dolly, had had three of her fingers cut off in her feeder machine.

"The company paid the doctor's bill, but Dolly always wanted to learn how to play the piano. She can't now, and she can't be a feeder, either—"

Isn't that martyrdom of body and spirit. Think of that child with her maimed hand, shut out from even the factory. Joan faced the fire with joy in her heart, and a song on her lips, seeing angel faces above her. I would rather have been her than Dolly.

And once in New York I went through a paper box factory down on Sullivan street. They were mostly young Irish girls, who worked so deftly and quickly on the boxes. Some were for wedding cake, little dainty white boxes with lace paper inside. Others were for hats. We passed a little undersized girl almost hidden from view by the tower of "Mme. Lenore's Millinery" boxes covered with satin-striped black and white paper.

"It's such nice clean work," I said to a pretty blue-eyed girl at a table. "Yes," she answered. "Put you always wonder when somebody's going to drop a match or cigarette end. There's no elevator and only one stair-

way—it wouldn't give us girls a ghost of a chance."

I'd rather be France's valiant and beloved girl martyr, wouldn't you? Better her pile of blazing fagots than the horror of that enclosed and crowded stairway.

Then again up in Canada, I can just remember some boarding house we stopped in, when I was a very little girl. They had coal grates, I remember, and before I was up in the morning, Tillie, the little kitchen helper, used to come up carrying a bucket of coal and a paper bag of kindling.

I loved her visits, for we could talk then. She was 12, and the landlady was very good to her, she said, because her mother had left her there, and hadn't paid her board or come back for her. She had been there three years then, a real little Sara Crew.

I asked her where she slept, and she told me she'd show me. Oh, I've never forgotten that awful chicken coop of a place down next to the coal bins, with a bed of boxes and an old chair.

"Anyhow, it's awful warm in winter, and lovely and cool in summer," she said, bravely.

I think Tillie was one of the bravest girls I ever knew, and I'd much rather have been Joan than her, wouldn't you?

Can't you see, girls, what I mean? And not only these lives of real daily tragedy, but even the little petty troubles and annoyances, that beset your way. How many there are who could bravely and fearlessly face a great disaster or danger, but who are driven frantic and unnerved entirely by the nagging troubles of everyday life.

I am sure I am that way. I can face all the work and suspense of putting through a big, new production, and yet if my hair won't go up just the way I want it to, I could cut it off with joy, some mornings, and watch every curl sizzle.

So I wonder what Joan was like in plain, everyday life at that little cottage in Arles? Did she hate to do the dishes and feed the ducks, and mend her stockings? No historian ever told us about Joan's mother. Maybe she fretted and worried all the time, trying to make the little dreamer a good sensible housewife. Maybe Joan wished there never was such a thing in the world as a spinning wheel or a wash tub.

I wonder about that side of her life. Don't you?

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE MAGIC WAND.

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Some days after I have looked over all my mail, I do have a headache over you girls, all of you, girls scattered the whole world over, who write and tell me of what you long to be and do.

I wish I were some kind of a fairy god-mother. I'd have more fun reaching out touching you all with my magic wand. And then this morning I was wondering what is the real magic wand of success. Is it personality? Or is it luck? Or is it the guiding hand of Providence.

At our studio, sometimes, I see girls waiting for a chance as extras. Some are armed with letters of introduction, and others know some one who knows some one else, and there is the chance of them reaching the director by a chain of friendly hands.

One day, up at the Famous Players studio in the old riding academy on Fifty-fifth street, I came in early. We had been out of town for the week-end. I came back with Jack in his machine, and no one expected me at that hour.

There were a lot of extras waiting on the sidewalk outside, and inside the waiting room were some girls. I don't know why I did it. My heart just went out to them, it seemed so bare and cheerless there with only Hope ahead of them.

I slipped into a seat beside the last girl. I looked at our placid old doorman who used to be up at the Biograph Studios, too. It was funny to think of him as Hope, for he looked more like resignation, and I buried my chin in my blue chin-chilla coat collar and chuckled. The girl next to me turned her head and gave me a stare, the regular New Yorker's stare of surprise and almost indignant reproach at anyone who dares show any sort of personal emotion in public.

"What's the matter with you," she asked, haughtily. "Nothing, I just laughed," I said, meekly. "You're in luck you can, in this place," she sighed, and yawned. "I've waited here every morning for nearly two weeks, and I'm a good type, too. You ought to get something, if you hang on long enough." She sized me up with her shrewd, kindly eyes that held such a world of hard luck experience in them. "I suppose you think you look like Pickford? I look a little like Hazel Dawn when I'm dressed up. And my hair's natural, too. I've heard Mary wears a wig. The parting didn't look right in the 'Eternal City,' did it? But that was some picture."

I said I really and truly believed Mary's hair was real.

"Well, maybe. How do you suppose she ever broke into the pictures anyhow? Was it just luck, do you suppose?"

"No," I said soberly, and no chuckling this time. "I think she worked. She began when she was just a very little girl, you know, and there wasn't any fairy wand for a long time, just cinders."

"Any what?"

"Any fairy wand. For Cinderella I mean."

Just then Mr. Ford came in, looked around in his quick way, and said:

"Why, good morning, Miss Pickford. Isn't the other door open yet?"

I told him I guessed it was, but I had stopped to chat with a girl friend of mine, and I introduced her to him.

"Don't you think she's a dandy type for one of our extra girls in Hulda,

with the flaxen hair?" I asked him. "And it's long and real."

I do wish you could have seen her face. I wish I could reach out and bring that look of happiness and surprise to every heart-hungry girl, just with a little love tap of a magic wand. Happiness, after all, comes through little things, and it wasn't the bit of success that she smiled over, I know. It was the way we girls clasped hands in the comradeship and understanding that has somehow sprung up in this glorious new era of womanhood. Mother says it would be impossible for all the stage-struck girls to find positions, and most of them would be far better off married happily, or earning a steady salary in ordinary ways. That means dress-making, milliners, stenographers, and so on, and I suppose she is right. But just the same, when I read over my letters, I know exactly how a girl feels when she hears the call of "follow the gleam," the wonderful lure of possible success.

Wouldn't it be splendid if the magic wand could tap all of us on the shoulder, even just for one night, and we could dance a measure or two with Prince Charming as his real princess love, even if Cindy went back to the kitchen to "keep the pots," after the clock struck midnight.

Answers to Correspondents.

Arthur W.—It seemed so strange to receive a letter from a signal man on a real submarine. To think with all the excitement and thrills in your life, that you could find time to see my pictures, and write me. I am glad you like "Mme. Butterfly."

Elizabeth E.—I am sure your hair is quite as pretty as mine. I know just how aggravating it is when one reaches the age where one must put it up. I think you are very fortunate in having such a delightful cousin as Henry Walthall. How all the other girls must envy you.

Thomas M.—Your suggestions were most interesting to me. I dearly love the portrayal of Scotch characters, and also the ancient Grecian historic romances. Your letter was very helpful.

Margaret C.—I am glad you have seen my pictures in the Canal Zone. Your letter was such a pleasure to me, and you have the little daily letters also in Panama.

Helen E.—The dear little ring reached me safely, and fits as you thought it would.

Mrs. W. J. D.—Your story of Santa Claus and your little niece was very interesting, and I enjoyed your long letter greatly. I agree with you that the love and companionship of children fill us with youth and tenderness. I gave my mother your message. I wish I had met you while I was at Marblehead. The little plaid shawl was sent to me from Scotland by a dear old lady schoolmate of my mother.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

GREEN EYELS.

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I T was just an ordinary postcard, a view of a mountain road, with a native boy, leading a couple of oxen. On the back it said:

"This is the road of Old Hakona. Do you remember?"

It was in the little grill room of the hotel where we were stopping at Boston after a long week out at Marblehead. One of the gentlemen in the party had been arguing a little point of direction, and reached in his inner pocket for a slip of envelope to mark it.

His wife sat next to him at the table. She is a few years older than he is, and very jealous of him in little ways.

I am very sure, from what mother says, that he is a devoted husband, and has never given her the least cause to be angry or suspicious, yet as the postcard fell on the tablecloth, she leaned over to read it deliberately, with oh, such a look on her face. As if it were the confirmation of all her mistrust of him.

"Who is she, dearie?" she asked, with light railery, only half concealing the sarcasm.

"It is from a friend in Maori-land," answered her husband slowly and gently. He replaced the postcard in his pocket.

"I was not aware that you had any particular friend in New Zealand," she persisted. "What a pretty hand she writes."

He ignored her persistence gracefully enough, and tried to continue his conversation, but suddenly her color deepened and with blazing eyes she started to rise from the table.

"When you can tell me who that card is from I will come back," she exclaimed, and left us sitting there, all, I imagine, uncomfortable and sympathizing with her husband.

Mother had known him for years, way back before we children can remember, and as he sat there, silent and somber, she laid her hand over his as it rested on the table.

"What's the trouble, Jim?" she asked.

"Jealousy," he told her with a shrug of his shoulders. "I never know when she is going to flare up

and make a scene. The green-eyed monster is our household pet. That card is not even from a woman. It's from my old pal, Syd W. He broke down a few years ago, and some of us boys clubbed together and sent him cruising through the South seas to find relief after the doctors had sentenced him to death. We played New Zealand together years ago, and tramped all over it. That is all that card means, yet, she sees a sinister meaning in everything I do—I'm sick of it."

"But, Jim, why on earth didn't you explain all that to her sensibly," asked mother, "and not let her think—"

"Because I wouldn't," he said shortly. "Not after her suspicion. Let her think what she likes."

Just a little while after I found the wife placidly powdering her nose before a long French mirror in the little Louis Seize writing room.

"No, indeed, I'm not bothered one bit," she said airily. "I don't care, really. But if you want to retain a man's love and interest, Mary dear, you must keep him worried and guessing. It's a little compliment I pay Jim, making believe I am jealous of him. I know that postcard didn't mean anything, but it was such fun to stir him up?"

But is it fun? To rouse all the sleeping dogs of suspicion and mistrust and antagonism in the mind of one you love? I know I never could be happy with any one whom I constantly mistrusted, or who was jealous of me. Jealousy always seems to me so paltry and ill bred and selfish. Why, what is real love worth if it does not seek the happiness of the one it loves more than its own?

We should remember Elizabeth Barrett Browning's beautiful lines. "What shall I give to my beloved? A little faith all undisproved."

That is the warranted cure for green eyes, a little faith for our beloved. It seemed such a pity for those two people who really loved each other, to take that attitude. Jim simply would not explain, and Mrs. Jim with her baffling smile that left you guessing and puzzled as to whether she meant what she said or not.

"No, indeed, I do not think the green-eyed monster makes a good family pet."

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

ONLY ANOTHER DAY.

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I had a letter from a college girl of seventeen the other day, out in a little Indiana town near the lake shore. It was a wonderfully vital sort of letter. You felt she was the one girl in her home town who always started things. She is secretary and treasurer of the Sunday school, president of the Young People's Society, superintendent of the Children's Missionary Society, is always chosen to play the heroine in any of the college plays, makes all her own clothes, and took fourth prize as the most popular and best loved girl in the town. And she has thick red curls, hazel eyes, and is just the kind of girl you always loved to read about in a book series when you were little.

She thinks she would like to be a screen actress, and still she loves music, and she does enjoy managing things, so she is sure she has executive business ability. "Sometimes, Miss Pickford," she writes, "I feel so full of ambition that I think I could accomplish anything and be anything. Then I hear the rising bell, and realize that it is just another day—"

Just another day! With youth and hope spurring one on, and so well equipped for the journey.

I wonder if she knows little Pippa of the silk mills at Asolo, in Browning's lovely poem—Pippa with her one golden holiday of freedom out of the whole year of work.

I always waken with a little thrill of adventure over a brand new day of life. And now that the florist shops are showing jonquils and daffodils, and the whole land seems holding its breath listening for spring's first call, doesn't Pippa's song seem the heart's own slogan of courage?

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

That is the way we should face another day, I think, and yet I know just how you feel too, Helen, of Indiana. You stand on tiptoe on the crest of the first hill of achievement, and oh, how strong your wings feel as you unfurl them and try them for the first flight.

You feel that you must reach every rosy hued peak in the distance, every rich vale of promise. No distance is too high for you to cover. The only thing that puzzles you is which pinnacle you will choose at last for your ultimate perch.

So you overlook the comfort and safety of the home nest. The every day round of life is completely forgotten in the hope of a brilliant future. When you waken each morning it is, "only another day." You long for the coming grown-up years.

And yet, you feel a bit sad when they appear like the peaks, one behind the other in long array! I know I cried the day I first pinned up my curls, and yet I had teased mother to let me do it ever since I played my first really grown-up part. The trouble is, once you really do put up your hair, and start being just a little bit dignified, people expect more of you—and not always in the things you want to do. Here Helen of my letter wants to act and paint and direct and

learn music and do her dreammaking, all at once, while probably her mother thinks she would do far better if she helped her at home with the younger children.

Mother says the girls of today are so busy thinking of careers that they overlook marriage and motherhood as womanly occupations at all. And she says, too, that this seems strange when nearly all of the books and plays and scenarios are written around love and romance.

"Cupid is the best press-agented star in the world," she said, laughingly once, when we had just heard of the sudden marriage of a girl friend, after she had devoted herself to a course of study to fit herself for the stars. "From about fifteen to twenty girls and boys seem to think they are able to adjust all the problems of the universe and their love comes along, and they find themselves alone on a desert island with only one other."

Dear me, here I've rambled away from Helen, and encouraging her and others to take Pippa's viewpoint of everyday happiness, clear over to mother's ideas on careers. We get into such arguments sometimes, Lottie, Jack and I, when we are all together and then just as we are flying all over like a lot of pigeons mother seems to gather us back home, with a few words of common sense and logic.

Answers to Correspondents.

John O.—Your letter was very flattering and sincere, but oh, dear, you should have seen mother's face when she read it. Jack says to tell you that the top rung of the ladder of success is a fearfully uncertain spot to spoon on. I am glad you've reached it, though, for I am still climbing.

Fannie A.—Unless we constantly seek variety, not only in the motion picture world, but in the daily trend, life becomes dull and unprofitable. But it is letters like yours that make me feel that my friends understand and appreciate my endeavor to present "something different" from the Artcraft Studios. Many thanks for your good wishes.

Jack L.—I am sorry that you got no reply to your first letter. It must have come to the studio here while we were taking "The Pride of the Clan" at Marblehead, Mass. I can quite understand how you want to join your Canadian chum in France. Your letter was most interesting.

Margaret Y.—Indeed, I haven't forgotten you, and I love the little poem you sent. When you get your pictures from Colorado, you must send me one, and remember you never bother me when you write to me, even if you are "only a little girl."

Donald—The title of my Scotch picture was changed from "That Lass of Killean" to the "Pride of the Clan." I hope that you were able to see it, way out in Winnipeg. I am sure I cannot deserve all the dear kind things you say of me. You don't know how encouraging and stimulating your letter was.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

LOVE AT ALL HAZARDS.

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I received a letter from a girl the other day, who had just been sent away to a convent. No, I won't give the name of the state. It was such a heart-breaking, appealing, sixteen-year-old call for help and advice. And the worst of it was, while I sympathized with her intensely, I could not agree with anything she said.

Her people are very well to do in a large Southern manufacturing town. Lella is their only daughter. She wrote that she had fallen in love with a young motion picture actor, had written to him asking for his photograph and had received a personal letter and the picture in return. Somehow or other she had managed to meet him while his company was taking a picture down near Birmingham. Meeting him personally had only intensified that wild, unreasoning infatuation that comes so often to a girl of her age. Now I happen to know that this actor has a wife and two little children and that he is devoted to his family. He has a beautiful home on Long Island, keeps up an apartment here in New York, and a bungalow at Santa Barbara, Cal.

Lella had made a perfect little goose of herself in her letters to him, and he, very honorably wrote to her father, telling him that a movie hero was not necessarily a heart smasher and that most of them, in fact, were married men with families, and were quite contented to remain so. He also told him that while nearly all such letters were answered by his secretary with his photograph and a courteous acknowledgment, meeting Lella personally had made him feel that she should be disillusioned and controlled. Therefore Lella had promptly been sent to a convent where she considers herself very much abused, and somewhat of a heroine.

Now I must say that I agree with her hero's advice. She has written to me, hoping that I would take the romantic point of view, and tell her at least she must take the veil, and die of a broken heart. On the contrary, I think that a love of this kind is not really personal. Lella was not in love with Mr. B.—She was in love with love, and seeing him in his romantic pictures, he seemed the personification to her of all the heroes of romance. He was Romeo, he was Colonel Esmond, he was Nathan Hale. Now he was a daring explorer, and now she wept over him as the debonnaire young soldier of France dying in the trenches.

At this age, neither a girl nor a boy falls in love with a real personality. They fall in love with attributes, and these are usually given by their own imagination to the object loved.

I received letters with startling frequency from one young man in Northwest Canada up to a short time ago. They were very beautiful letters, but I knew, of course, that he wasn't in love with me, with Mary Pickford. He was in love with "Tess" and "Cinderella," with "Madame Butterfly" and "Glad." And just recently he sent me such a nice manly letter, telling me he was to be married to a charming girl whom he loved with his whole heart. I had to laugh, because he did tell me that her curls were longer than mine.

"You were perfectly right, dear little Mary Pickford," he wrote. "I think you typified to me all radiant, pure girlhood."

MARY PICKFORD.

I wrote to you as my ideal, and believe me, it isn't a bad thing for a chap in his teens to hold such an ideal in his heart's shrine. I told her the only thing in my life she had to be jealous of, was Mary's picture on my wall.

Can you imagine how that letter made me feel? So I have written to that girl in the little white convent among the Southern roses, eating her heart out over what she considers her ruined romance. Some day, the real Prince Charming will come riding by to claim her, and if she has any sense of humor, she may show him Mr. B.'s picture, and tell him of her first venture into Loveland. But the worst of it is, he, too, will need a sense of humor, because all men, I am sure, like to feel they are the very first heroes to thrill our hearts.

Jack was telling Lottie not long ago that he was going to have a composite photograph made of all those sent him by girls, and then he'd fall in love with "Girl" in the aggregate. Isn't that a good idea?

Answers to Correspondents.

A Friend—Charlie Chaplin is now with the Mutual. Scenarios should be type-written. A detailed synopsis is preferred by scenario editors. I have never heard of scenario blanks.

Helen H.—Pathe is pronounced with a short a, and an acute accent over the "e." My permanent home is here in New York. If you will ask any photographer how the pictures are thrown on the screen, he will explain it to you better than I could. It is usually several weeks before a picture is released, after the taking of it is completed. I do not know exactly how many moving picture companies there are in California. So many of them maintain only temporary location studios.

Lena L.—I hope the photograph reaches you safely. "Less Than the Dust" has been released for some time now. My latest picture is "The Pride of the Clan." If I am ever in Washington, I will be very glad to see you indeed.

Alice P.—Mr. Hector Turnbull wrote the scenario of "Less Than the Dust," taking his theme from the poem by "Laurence Hope." It is the first film released by my own company. I am sure you will all be glad when the war is over. The woman's part is always the hardest to bear it seems to me.

John R.—I think me may both be very proud of having the same birthday, April 8. I can assure you that it made me happy to know that way down in the heart of Tennessee, there is a little four-year-old who celebrates the same day I do. Tell Auntie to write again for you.

P. H.—It is very kind of you to say such charming things about my pictures. I am sorry your mother is dead. The constant companionship, and tender care of mine has been my greatest happiness. Yes, I enjoyed "Hulda" also, but as you say, Rahda gave me far deeper possibilities than any picture, except perhaps "Tess."

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE WAITING YEARS.

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LAST summer we used to motor out to a favorite little inn of Jack's on the old Boston Post road. It stood on the outskirts of a rejuvenated Connecticut town, one that motor travel had roused from its century or two of slumber.

There was a little store opposite the fountain in the centre square of the town. Here they sold magazines, candy, stationery and summer fiction. We used to stop there nearly every trip and I got acquainted with the young woman in charge. I say young but I have every idea she was nearing the forty mark. One of those slender, ashen-blond, delicate-featured, Puritan types that do not show their age. Her name was Amelia and her mother and sister lived in the little flat above the store with her, but "Melia" was the business head of the firm.

I often wondered if romance had ever brought the tinge of rose color into the gray warp of her life's fabric. Finally one day, when mother was busy hunting for a good book to read over Sunday, I coaxed Amelia out into the garden to show me her bed of double marigolds.

"You have such a pretty garden," I said, "and you're pretty, too, 'Melia,' just like one of your own Bride's roses. Don't you ever want to be a real bride?"

She glanced up at me with quick surprise.

"Oh, but I am engaged," she said. "I've been engaged for 15 years."

And then I asked the silliest sort of a question.

"To the same one, 'Melia?'"

She colored, daintily, and stooped down to pick off a few brown leaves from her rose geranium.

"Why, of course, Miss Pickford. I've known him all my life, nearly. He's got a farm up towards Southport. I drive there nearly every week with him. He lives there with his mother and father. His father has been an invalid for years, and Dan has to run the farm for him."

"Why on earth haven't you married him?" I asked.

"Oh, I never could get along with his mother," said 'Melia' quickly. "And I couldn't bear to live on a farm, either. It's awfully lonesome when you

get way out there along the salt marshes, and I'm town bred."

She lifted her head proudly. "But what are you both waiting for, if you're really engaged," I asked her.

"Well, his folks can't live forever. They're both of them old now, and he's certainly done his duty by them. He could have left that farm and married years ago, and got a good hired man for them, I told him, but he likes the country best."

"But why didn't you give up the store, or let your sister and mother run it, and go to him on the farm?"

"You don't suppose I'd do that for him when he didn't care enough about me to leave his folks, and those old shore acres?" 'Melia's light blue eyes flashed with a smouldering resentment that was almost comical, if it hadn't been so tragic.

Just to think of those long, wasted years of youth, each holding back in pride. In a way Amelia was right, I felt. Dan could easily have procured the skilled services of some reliable man for his bed-ridden father, and made a new home for the girl of his heart. But still, what of the old Biblical injunction that the wife shall leave her father's tent and cleave only unto the man of her choice? I looked at Amelia's slim white hands, and tried to imagine them churning, and butter making, working the washing machine, cooking innumerable pies, covering the daily round of monotonous duties which fall to the lot of the farmer's wife, and added to these there would be the care of the invalid father, and probably the old mother, as the years went on.

Wasn't it small wonder that 'Melia's imagination had proved too vivid, and she had stuck to her little outlook on life in the fountain square?

"But why have you kept up your engagement all these years?" I asked her.

"Well," she said, comfortably. "Both Dan and I are pretty steady going, and we've always liked each other best, and this way we've got something to look forward to. I don't know but what some day, all at once, we may change our minds, and go away and be married quietly. Then, if they all don't like it, they can just lump it."

Maybe you don't think I encouraged her, and some day I'm hoping to find in my mail a postcard from 'Melia saying Dan and she have compromised with Cupid.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

OVER CONFIDENCE.

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I had a letter the other day from a girl in Chicago. It was overflowing with rapture, because her father and several other adoring relatives had promised her a production of a play that she had written.

She said the play had been produced early in the winter at the girls' school she attended, and had been a "howling success." She had enjoyed all of the thrills of authorship, her picture had been in the papers with some very nice little write-ups, and one critic had suggested that there was the idea in her gay little one-act farce for a capital three-act musical comedy.

Those two lines of careless, haphazard, good-natured commendation had been sufficient to fire the whole family with a mania for self-sacrifice so that Edith might attain her goal.

She did not pretend to ask any advice from me. Her letter was just an announcement of the perfectly wonderful realization of her dream. She had always wanted to be a playwright, in fact, modestly enough, she wrote that she would like to write her own plays and produce them and act them. I couldn't help but think what a pity it was she couldn't be the audience, too. She was about eighteen and so fearfully sure of her competency to handle the whole thing.

Doesn't it seem that even where we have exceptional ability, one of the greatest dangers of youth is the over confidence of loving friends? How many, many Ediths there are, scattered throughout the country, in all lines of artistic endeavor. They make a momentary success, perhaps, purely by chance, and then ambitious friends immediately start up the engine of their aeroplane before they have learned to fly and control it. Then, all too soon, they land on mother Earth again, and either have to start all over, or else are too discouraged and bruised in pride and spirit ever to try again.

I remember once talking to a well-known grand opera singer, who dined at our home. She herself went to Paris as a young girl with the promise of two years' study prepaid by some small-town benefactor. At the end of the two years, no more funds were forthcoming, her musical education was still unfinished, and I know that she literally starved before she was able to obtain help from other sources abroad.

"It is a crying shame," she said, "the number of young girls sent abroad by friends and relatives, singing societies and little inadequate scholarships. They are expected one and all to become Melbas and Farrars on incomes of about \$10 a week. The heart-breaking disillusion that comes to these girls when they have to face the truth of their own artistic mediocrity is one of the tragedies of student life. No girl should ever attempt an artistic career unless she is assured of an income of at least 400 francs a month, and all of her clothing and tuition are paid for besides, and even then she should have her talent—whatever it may be, painting, singing, writing, acting—given the acid test by expert authority in her own country before she ever gives up two or three years of her life abroad trying to attain success."

Isn't that true? It does seem when a

girl is in her teens, as if all things were possible. We want to do so much, and attain so much, and it is natural for our friends, and those who love us, to believe in our talents, and make all the sacrifices they can. But let us be very, very sure that we are really Melbas and other types of genius before we accept these sacrifices.

I can remember one night in the dressing-room when I was a very little girl. Lottie and I sat on mother's big theater trunk, listening while she talked to one of the women in the company, who was giving her good advice.

"My dear," she said, "don't waste your life and youth on those children. Put them all into some good school, and enjoy yourself. Life is far too short for us to give up the best years of our lives training these youngsters for careers they may not be fitted for at all."

Wouldn't it have been funny if mother had taken her advice, and tucked us all into schools? Jack would probably be at the necktie counter now at some clothing emporium in Cedar Rapids, and Lottie and I—what would we have been doing, I wonder. Is the trend of our lives dependent on chance or free-will choice?

Answers to Correspondents.

Fred W.—I see no reason why you should not succeed in the scenario writing field, especially as you have already disposed of two one-reelers. I do not like to recommend any school of photoplay writing, and think that personal experience is after all the best teacher.

Myrtle R.—I certainly would not give up a regular position until I had another certainty offered. Yes, Norma Talmadge was the star in "Fifty-fifty." William S. Hart is at the Western Ince studios. I do not know whether he is married or not.

Mrs. L. W.—"Less Than the Dust" was all taken at our Long Island studios. The title is taken from Laurence Hope's poem in "Indian Love Lyrics."

Marion K.—Be very careful that your sister has unmistakable dramatic talent before you encourage her. Nearly all girls of her age go through the stage-struck phase before they put up their hair. Her success in high school productions must not be taken as real proof of her professional ability.

Jack MacR.—Yes, my hair is my own, and naturally curly. I have always lived with my mother, and consider that I owe my success to her business oversight. I love to have people say nice things about my pictures, and your letter was so sincere. No, I have never played in Alaska.

Elizabeth J.—Don't you really think that opposing your son's choice of a wife will only make him want to marry all the quicker? I am glad you liked "The Eternal Grind." Yes, the picture was taken in a real factory, and we tried to portray true conditions among the girls. Do write me again, and cheer up.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

MONOMANIACS.

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Do you ever get tired of hearing people talk about "my life, my work, my art, my home, my children" and so on ad infinitum? Monomania seems to be a special peculiarity of the half successful artist in almost any field of endeavor. They have worked so hard, and tried with such infinite patience to achieve their ultimate dreams, that they have lost right perspective on themselves, and can only see their own little hopes traveling around in a weary march before their mental vision. How my heart has ached for these struggling people who are convinced that they are the real wonders of the age only waiting for the right man to discover them.

I have in mind one old friend of Jack's whom he dodges every time he sees him coming. We have known him off and on for some time, and he is really a very nice sort of a chap. I know that he has appeared in quite good dramatic companies and for some time before he went into the picture field he did a monologue in vaudeville, and has been doing one ever since for the benefit of whoever he could get to listen to him. Jack had a letter from him just a little while ago, saying he was out of an engagement, and open for offers, but that his price was one hundred and fifty dollars a week.

"You know," said Jack, "Charlie's particular mania is trying to convince people in general that he is worth that. I could get him work, but he'll starve before he'll cut his price, and he talks so much about himself, that people run from him as if he were the plague. He buttonholed me out in front of the Knickerbocker the other day, and I nearly froze to death while he tried to tell me that a certain booking office had offered him a thousand weeks at sixty per, but he was thoroughly indignant at their trying to cut his price. Yet, I'll swear he needed a square meal more than anything, as he was blue around the gills; but he was ready to give his monologue to anybody who would listen to him along Broadway."

I wonder what it is that makes people do this. Lack of perspective on their own characters perhaps. It really is a gift being able to see ourselves as others see us. It would probably be a perfect revelation to that man to listen to his own personal monologue on a phonograph.

I think myself that such people are completely selfish; they never think of the welfare of those around them. They never seem to realize that we are each and all of us responsible for the happiness and comfort of those who make up our individual world. I am quite sure that this is a form of mania, this self concentration, this utter forgetfulness of other people's rights and comfort.

One of the greatest charms of childhood is this quality of putting oneself in other people's shoes, as it were. This is so especially of the children of large families. It is usually the only child who is supremely and comfortably a monomaniac. He grows up believing, like the fly in the fable, that the dinner table of life has been spread solely for his delectation. It doesn't matter particularly in what walk of life his lot may be cast, selfishness is absolutely independent of poverty or riches, and the man or woman who is completely self-centered seems to exist in a little magic circle surrounded by the mirrors of illusion like those you see in a maze at Coney Island. I will never forget being lost in a mirror maze when I was a little girl, and scared to death at all the "Me's" around me in endless perspective. Just think of not being able to escape from such a place!

It seems to me that monomania is exactly such a condition, only mentally.

There is a friend of mother's who suffers from the same ailment. We have known of her ever since I can remember, and I can say now that it used to be one of our secret games to start her off on one of her monologues. She must have weighed close on three hundred, and had played dowager types, and rollicking fat mummies, for years, in stock companies and later for the motion pictures, and she was just as dear and lovable to us children as she could be. Yet we adored to "touch her off," as Jack called it, on the story of her past glories. She always called McCullough "Johnny" and Booth "Eddie" when she spoke of them. She had known Charlotte Cushman and her sister when they were children, and had known Fanny Davenport in her father's arms.

But the story we loved best—and I think she must have told it hundreds of times—was "Mazeppa." She would tell it over and over again, of how beautiful she was, and "slender" (how she would emphasize "the slender") and young. She even had an old book of press clippings, that she kept around handily to show.

"For pity's sakes," said Lottie, one day, "don't she realize that happened a thousand years ago. Why doesn't somebody wake her up?"

That is just where I think she was wrong. Hers is the harmless monomania type, but with Jack's friend, Charlie, and others like him, I really and truly think there should be some "punishment to fit the crime."

Answers to Correspondents.

Elsie F.—I never quite realized what the motion pictures meant to the deaf and dumb until your letter today. You say you are half Scotch, so I know you will like my new picture, "The Pride of the Clan." Did you really enjoy "Fanchon the Cricket?" I love the part.

Ruth N.—Your suggestions for new subjects were very helpful. I'm answering your long list of questions in a personal letter.

Minnie G.—I do not know of any moving picture actor named Eddie Goodrich. I only hope if he happens to see this it will tell him he has a little sister out in Chicago who has sought him for twelve years. It's no trouble at all answering. I only wish I did know him personally and could bring you together.

Blanche A.—Your quaint little story woven out of the names of all the pictures I have appeared in was awfully clever, I thought. Mother and I both enjoyed it and I turned it over to our press department.

Lorraine—Beverly Bayne's address is the B. A. Rolfe Studios, No. 3 West Sixty-first street, New York City. So far as I know she is usually Mr. Bushman's supporting co-star.

Robert B. W.—It seems so strange to get a letter from one of our soldier boys on duty in China. I have never ridden in a real "rickshaw," but would love to. I hope you get your transfer to the United States this spring. Why are there no American motion pictures shown in China? That statement was a surprise to me. You say only the English and French ones are shown there.

May P.—The little poem is from Laurence Hope's "Indian Love Lyrics," and the scenario was by Mr. Hector Turnbull. Yes, Lottie and Jack have joined the Famous Players, and I only hope they may be as happy there as I was. But you don't know how I enjoy and love my own studio.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE GOLDEN GIFT.

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HERE are very few people, they say, who can stand success. It really is a great test of character. There was one woman whom we met in New York two seasons ago. She was a concert singer, who commanded really enormous prices for her work. She was a little past middle age and in her prime she had been a famous grand opera star.

I was very much interested in meeting her personally again, on our trip across the continent during the winter. She represented to me the artists who had gained the very pinnacle of success, yet the one thing that impressed me was her coldness, her apparent complete lack of sentiment, and I asked mother if she had noticed it, too.

"Yes, but that often comes with supreme success," she told me. "Another thing Madame has been married three times and none of her marriages were what one would call happy unions. Perhaps that has much to do with her immobility. She is artist enough to conceal her emotions and not to wear her heart on her sleeve. There is probably the real woman somewhere under that cold exterior, if one only knew the magic note to bring it out."

We had just crossed into Iowa, when we struck a typical prairie blizzard. Up there near the South Dakota border, a storm can rage with more fierceness and intensity for days at a time than any other place I have been in. Up home we get a heavy snowfall, then a period of clear, brilliant, intense cold, but there in Iowa the blizzard raged with a fury that left our cross-continent limited stalled helplessly in drifts like sand dunes banked up along the tracks.

The conductor assured us there was plenty to eat in the cars ahead for the regular passengers. My private car had a good supply, and, if the heat did not give out, we felt that we were safe until help came.

Madame S.—occupied a drawing-room in the Pullman next to ours, and mother suggested our inviting her to join us for meals while we were snowbound. Early that evening our porter told us there was a little crippled boy in the day coach whose father had been very ill—in fact he was threatened with pneumonia. The

two were trying to reach the coast with precious little cash, but the surety of a home with the grandmother at Pasadena.

"He's got a fiddle with him, an', ma lo'd how he can play! Ev'body in all the cyars is in dar list'n'ing."

"Ah, it is the diversion of the day," cried Madame, lightly. "Let us go and hear this day coach prodigy, also."

I will never forget the scene. At the time, I thought it was rather cold blooded of her to take the little chap's helpless misery and pitiful pluck so carelessly. I shall never forget her, as she stood with her husband listening to the boy play Love's Old Sweet Song and afterward Turkey in the Straw. She wore a beautiful cloak of Russian sable and seal that fell to her heels, and on her breast a cluster of violets.

When he finished playing, the little fellow jumped around on his one crutch, taking up a collection. It was generous by the time it reached us, but Madame looked over at his little felt cap and shook her head at the contents.

"O, h, oh," she laughed. "Ridiculous." And suddenly she threw back her head, and smiled a little odd, far away smile, and began to sing, in that marvelous voice that had thrilled audiences all over Europe and America at two thousand five hundred per night; and she was prodigal, too, of her gift. One beautiful selection after another from the great operas she gave, standing there in that old shabby tourist coach, with the waste of rolling, snow-clad prairie outside.

There was a dead silence when she finished, and then the little boy spoke. "Could you sing Old Black Joe?" he asked, timidly. "Just for paw; it's his favorite." She sang it, and afterwards her husband took the lame child in his arms and went up and down through the train filling that hat with coins and bills, until it was running over.

And that was all. Our train pulled out as soon as the snowplow reached us, and Madame went back to her own drawing room. I have never seen her since to talk with her, but whenever some one says that she represents the great artist who has attained full success and is absolutely heartless in her views towards the rest of the world, I think of the little day coach fiddler and of her golden notes poured forth so freely.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

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THERE is always a fascination to me when I hear of someone searching for a name for a brand new baby. Such a time as we had advising Lottie what to name her little girl. Every single member of the family, to say nothing of admiring friends and relatives on both sides, had suggestions to make. Mother advised a family name, and also a good, old-fashioned, sound one.

"It's so ridiculous to name a child, Babbie Lorraine when it's two days old, and have her land in a laundry with all the other Lizzie Janes."

Now, personally, I think bearing such a name would help one to stand the laundry. If I was hailed as Lizzie Jane every time I turned around, I know I never could get a romantic thrill out of common, ordinary life. Jack was a dear; usually you can't expect a man or a boy to show any interest in babies, but Jack sized her up, and said to give her at least a romantic name, one that meant something in her future, something she would have to live up to.

"I don't mean Cleopatra or Pochontas," he said. "But Ramona is good and so is Priscilla Alden."

Lottie said nothing, but she named her baby just what she wanted to and I admire her for it. I've liked my name since I grew older, but when I was a little girl I would have given my left ear to have borne a sentimental name. How I used to envy all of the Evelyns and Maybells and Lillians and Gwendolyns, and the worst of it was, mother never compromised or my name at all. Mary I had been christened, and Mary I remained. Some of my little girl friends did try Polly, I know, but it didn't take. I went right back to Mary. I really do think one gets used to one's name, or resigned to it perhaps, the same as one does to one's face. But personally, I think there's far more responsibility in the bestowal of names than most people appreciate.

The Japanese name their children after flowers or natural forces of the earth and sky. The Chinese follow out their ancestor worship, and call a new-born child after the last member of the family who has died. I don't like this at all. It seems to me it gives the poor little kiddie an inherited handicap of having to live up

to the supposed virtues of his uncle Chin Yin, or her grandmama, Lin Gow Fan.

"I am sure I should have loved to have been a Greek baby, born in one of the groves of Hera, and named after some nymph or local brook that my mother fancied. All of the Greek names seem so beautifully euphonious—Dione, Nera, Thisbe. Oh, I should have adored Thisbe, for 'the gray eye' or so."

Wouldn't it be lovely to be named Rhodopis, and go around making believe one were a lotus-crowned princess of the Nile, instead of plain Jane of Hoboken, or Bridgeport, Conn.

I have one perfectly charming friend who always signs her name K—Eloise S—. To most of her intimate friends she is known as "K" and I doubt very much whether more than five outside of her own family know what that name stands for, but I do, because I knew her as a little girl, before she had sense enough to kill it.

Many a time we have been sitting out in the hammock with our curls intermingling over some childish secrets and there would come her mothers' call, "Kerenhappuch."

"For pity's sake," mother used to say, "whoever inflicted that name on that poor child?" And yet I learned in after years that Kerenhappuch the first was one of Job's daughters, who was an estimable young woman, and had two sisters named Kezia and Jemima. But just as soon as my friend was old enough, she adopted the initial, and I am sure no one ever blamed her who knew why she did it.

So I do really think that names have a big influence on a child's character. Give your little daughter or son, not a fantastic, but an unusual name, and you start them on their first step towards individuality.

There was one dear girl of 16, I knew, too, who was telling me that she was dead in love with a certain young man with a ridiculous name.

"But are you sure," I asked her, "that you really and truly love him, Bess?"

"Do you suppose for one moment?" she exclaimed, "I would dream of marrying a man with such a name if I didn't love him?"

So after all is said and done, I suppose it really doesn't matter.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," if one has the imagination of the fair Capulet.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

YEA AND NAY.

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Several years ago, we had an assistant director at the taking of one of my pictures. He was a well known man, but a newcomer in the East. I had heard of him as having quite a reputation around the California and Chicago studios for getting the most out of his people.

I am sure that our own head director had spoiled us thoroughly for Mr. H—'s methods. We were accustomed to courtesy and consideration, and the first time Mr. H. let out a roar like a bull of Bashan at one of the girls who had made a mistake, it startled every one within hearing.

"It's the only way to impress on people's minds what you're trying to get over," I heard him say later, to one of the men. "That kid would have gone on making that same mistake day after day, no matter how many times I told her different. She'll remember now. I've had to deal with show people for years, and if you want to make them whip into shape, you've got to yell and swear at them, in order to make any lasting impression. Grant swore at his soldiers, and won his battles, and he learned to swear as a steamboat captain on the Mississippi."

I am sure, inside of a week, he was the most thoroughly disliked man who had ever entered our studios, and it seemed too bad in a way. Our director told me that he was an excellent man in his own line, thoroughly capable and popular with other men, and yet he seemed to think that the only way he could get results and work out of the people he came in contact with, was to swear at them—not only the women, but the men as well.

And do you know that one man seemed to break up the harmony of our whole happy little company. The peace of the studio was broken, as our property man said. You never knew when he was going to yell out at some one or bark on the side at some trifling mistake of the camera or scene shifters.

"It's a wonder to me some of the boys don't beat him up for the things he says to them," our director concluded. "I won't stand for much more myself." There was one girl who had just a "bit" to do, but it did seem as if she couldn't do even that much to suit him. He had scolded her several days in succession, calling her a little fool, and an idiot with variations, and when she came down the hall to her dressing-room, the last day,

she was sobbing hysterically, her handkerchief pressed to her face. If mother had been there, I knew that she would have managed the situation more quickly and better than I could ever have done. I do hate a scene or a loud-voiced quarrel. It always seems to me plain, every-day bad manners to lose your temper. I stepped to the door of her room, and told her that, if I were she, I certainly would not cry my heart out, just because that type of man had been a brute and said cruel and uncalled-for things before the rest of the company.

"Oh, Miss Pickford," she cried, "I can't stand it. Perhaps I do deserve to be scolded, but nobody has ever sworn at me like that, and I don't think it's right that Mr. H— is allowed such liberties here in the studio, just because he is assistant director. If it isn't stopped, I shall have to leave."

I left her with her head down on her arms in front of her mirror, completely discouraged. Mr. H— was not in the studio proper, but as I went along the narrow corridor, I saw him sitting in his own little room, and before I quite realized my own intention, I went in and faced him. Of course, he had never dared to speak roughly or harshly to me, and he rose now, the very pink of courtesy, offering me a chair with a smile of greeting.

"Why, no, Mr. H—, I don't think I will sit down. I just wanted to ask you a question." I leaned by back against the door, my hands behind me, and I suppose I did look absurdly childish to beard the lion in his den.

"Has it ever occurred to you that you are a big enough man for just your spoken word to be strong enough for people to mind you? I mean—" I struggled on, as I saw his look of bewilderment—"that you don't have to yell and roar and swear at the people who work for you. You are really well enough known for them to understand and respect you, don't you think so? Somehow it seems so little and beneath a big man like you, to talk to women as if they were a pack of stevedores." And then I asked the funniest sort of question, but I meant it in dead earnest, remembering what he said of General Grant, "Were you ever a steamboat captain?"

His look of bewilderment changed instantly, and he broke out into a laugh of appreciation, although the color rose quickly in his face.

"No, Miss Pickford, I wasn't, but I have been a—" he checked himself, as the usual hard word rose to his lips, and added "several kinds of a fool, and I thank you for putting me wise. Where's the little girl gone? I'll apologize right now and turn over a new leaf."

So far as I know, he kept his word, and the girl remained in the company. But Mr. H— has always remained in my memory as the type that felt he must show his authority by swearing at everybody within hearing, and kicking the dog down the back stairs.

Answers to Correspondents.

Miss E. K.—I do not know the book, "Cinema Acting," which you ask about. Write to the General Film Release Company in London. I am glad you liked Jack in "A Girl of Yesterday." Indeed, he does make a good brother even out of the pictures. "Hearts Adrift" was taken some time ago. My latest picture is "The Pride of the Clan."

Robert McD.—I do not like to advise you about putting your daughter in moving-picture work. It is all so uncertain for one without experience, and I am sure sixteen is too young for a girl to start out alone. If her mother can accompany her and manage her, all right. I am always glad to answer letters.

Miss Ruth O.—I have the greatest pity and hope for such a type as you describe. Of course, it was silly of her to make her first false step through love of pretty clothes and spending money, but she will probably suffer less in the long run than if she had given all and had suffered desertion. But I am sure she did not realize the penalty. I'd advise her to go to work and help others.

Mildred M.—I think the Thanhouser Company produced the "Mill on the Floss" some time ago. "Poor Little Peppina" was produced on this side. I am glad you think the Italian scenes so true to life. Edna Mayo is with the Essanay Company.

Ruth N.—I am glad you enjoy the articles. It is customary to retain your maiden or stage name in pictures. I do not know whether Ruth Roland is married or not. Marie Malatesta is correct.

Kathleen H.—If you have the talent, a career in journalism offers better opportunities to a girl in your position, I should say, than the stage. Unless one has either genius or almost superhuman courage and patience, a stage career becomes a luring will o' the wisp.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE LITTLE GODMOTHER.

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Sometimes it seems to me we do not realize how infinitely dear and precious someone is to us until we lose them. Esme—was a little French actress who played for a while in our California studios at Hollywood. She was in the first "Joan" scenes and bid fair, I understood, to become very successful. She was only about 20, and Miss Farrar had taken a personal interest in her.

When she was transferred to the Famous Players Studio in New York, and the union with the Lasky forces, I grew to know her. It was impossible not to feel a warm personal interest in her, she was so vivacious, so keen witted, so brimful of joyous girlish camaraderie. But I often wondered why a girl who merited and won so much admiration should apparently place so little value on it. She was being trusted with really very important parts for such an ingenue and new comer, and her future looked wonderfully promising.

One day in the early autumn I came upon her suddenly just stepping out of one of the little side rooms used by our directors in the main studio. She had been crying, her beautiful dark eyes were red and swollen, and she seemed completely overcome.

"Why, what on earth is the matter Esme?" I exclaimed, wondering if she could possibly have been disciplined in any way. I drew her to one side, out of the range of light, and put my arm around her.

"I must return to France immediately," she said brokenly. "I cannot stay here doing nothing for all of them. It is too much. I shall throw up everything, and sail at once."

"You mean that you have lost some one near and dear to you?"

"Oh, no," she responded. "No one of my own people, but are not we, we children of France, all drawn together now by the one great agony of our motherland?"

She sailed the following Wednesday. I knew that she had had no training to fit her for Red Cross service, and wondered what special line of relief work she would go into. Then came a letter from her.

"Ah, do you know what I am doing? I'm a godmother! I found that the girls of the student quarter had banded together to care for little orphans left by their colleague compatriots. Thirty dollars guaranteed each year sufficed for one, and the girls were caring for thirty-four. Now see what we have done. We are caring for the little ones left by our people who have fallen at the front."

"Rene D— was killed two weeks ago. We have his twins up at my apartment, and next week I am sending them to the country, just outside of Barbizon. An adorable old lady there will care for them. Marcelle V— you remember her surely, and her wonderful work as Milady—she has been left a widow, with three little ones, and has lost her mind over the horrors here. Her little ones leave for Auvergne with several others. Do you wonder that I am thrilled with what we are accomplishing?"

I was so interested in the letter that I passed it around the studio. Among others who read it was Bob L—. He was a big, handsome boy who had been out in California at the same time as Esme. After he had read the letter, he said:

"Miss Pickford, I've been several kinds of a fool. Perhaps you don't know it, but I'm rather a serious minded sort of fellow, and I'd always determined I would never let my heart run away with

my head when it came to a love affair. This little girl bowled me over good and plenty out there at Santa Barbara. I loved her, and I suppose she guessed it—women are rather clever at that—but I never said one word to her, and I let her sail for France, even, thinking her a volatile, superficial 'bit of fluff,' as they say."

He stopped and smiled down at me.

"Well," I said, "then you have changed your mind now?"

"Changed my mind?" he laughed. "I am going up to tell Ford he's got to let me go to the other side at once."

Mr. Ford let him go, and I expected to hear of a speedy wedding, but surely the agony of the war has changed the hearts of men and women over there. Esme wrote back to me, saying that Bob had arrived, and that they would be married just as soon "as France had come into her own."

"When the tri-color waves over Alsace-Lorraine then I will think of my own happiness, but not before. Bob has joined the Flying Squad, and will distinguish himself, I know. Meanwhile I have my beloved godchildren to care for, and he knows I love him."

Isn't that wonderful? It makes us who are left behind feel almost like inconsequential puppets, doesn't it? I said that to mother at the breakfast table, and she told me, laughingly, she thought I was godmother now to enough dear children through my letters.

Answers to Correspondents.

Anna W.—The name of the picture was "Poor Little Peppina." Beppo is the last boy I played. The factory picture you saw was the "Eternal Grind." What kind of mill do you work in? Write to me again.

Marie S.—I have no business connection with any beauty parlor. Occasionally I recommend by letter certain favorite preparations. I do not believe in using any perfumes. A delicate sachet produces the faintest fragrance and is the most advisable for a young girl to use.

Edna S.—I think Dorothy is a very charming name, and I would love to know all four of you girls. Your little gifts are dear. "Less Than the Dust" was taken during the autumn out on Long Island. Your suggestion for a Cherokee picture laid in Oklahoma was very interesting to me.

Elsie F.—What hospital ship are your brothers on? I have never played in France. I envy you, going to join the Red Cross. I have so many girl friends working all along the front. Miss Elliott has recently returned to this country, and has signed with the Goldwyn Company.

Laurette H.—It was beautiful of you to write so tenderly of my dear mother during her illness. She has recovered now. I thank you for the medal. It is such letters as yours that make life worth while.

Edith S.—I am sure your work in a stock company will prove a great benefit to you if you really think of going into pictures. It gives one a certain poise and knowledge of the technique of the business. But you will find a great difference between working with the stimulus of your audience before you and facing the camera.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE BIRD'S FERRY.

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Every morning while we were taking "The Poor Little Rich Girl," over at the Fort Lee studio, I used to cross the 125th street ferry on the quarter before nine boat.

That meant rising at seven sharp, allowing three-quarters of an hour to bathe and dress, so that I should be ready for breakfast at quarter before eight, and in my car at eight thirty. Sometimes, when I'd curl over for another catnap and have to rush at the last minute, it made me think of hurrying to school just when you hear the last bell ringing.

But I dearly loved that ride over to the studio once we were on the ferryboat. It was so interesting to watch the faces of the people who crossed to the Jersey side. I grew to know most of them by sight, and watch for them. There was one girl who wore a purple sweater and gray cloak, with a velvet tam drooping over one ear, student style. How I did wish I could call to her to come over and have a girl talk with me.

Then there was a wonderful old man—a Greek, I am sure he must have been. He crossed over with crates of fruit each morning from the market place. As he stood on the lower deck, his arms crossed on the railing, his strong, fine profile turned away from me, he might have been one of the galley rowers of olden time.

There was a woman, too, whom I saw each morning without fail. She attracted me from her look of sheer happiness. The very way she would walk on the boat and lift her chin to the keen morning breeze, made you want to do the same, no matter how cross you felt. I heard her say the funniest thing to the girl with her one morning, and do you know, I agreed with her, too.

"Wouldn't you give anything for that big car?" asked the girl, a bit discontentedly. "Gee, every time I see it it makes me mad that I have to get out and hustle."

"Well, it doesn't do that to me," laughed the other. "I'd feel as if I was taking my last trip inside of that thing. Plate glass and silver handles and nice cushions—oh, yes, and don't joggle the remains."

I wanted to lean right out and tell her how much I'd rather walk, and how I loved to hike, but just then she smiled up at me in the nicest sort of way, and I smiled back at her, so we were always friends after that.

It's funny, too, watching the gulls on a misty morning. Sunny days they sweep and swirl around and make for the open sea down the bay, but on these mid-winter days they seem to take their sport in sailing down the Hudson among all the drifting cakes of ice. I am sure that some of them play they are Eliza crossing the ice. If you could just see them, two and three on one cake standing as trig and pert as can be. Most of them just breast the waves and drift along down stream, and they look like wild ducks at a distance. But it is the adventurous ones I liked to watch best.

I am quite sure they understand all about real ferryboats, and that part of the sport is to see how far they can come to being run down by a ferry and just flitting in the nick of time. One morning I was so excited. I saw a regular Captain Ravenshaw of a gull, the reckless, jaunty, swashbuckler type. He wasn't going to let any old ferry frighten him out of his trip. And instead of a

cake of ice, he was on an old broken portion of a wooden box. I'm sure he would have raised a black flag if he had had one around handy. As it was, he stood on one foot, and eyed the ferry rather sleepily, as it bore right down on him.

It was such a close call that I stood right up in the car and cried out, "Oh, look at him!" so that the people turned instead to look at me, and I suppose they thought it was comical to pay attention to just gulls. But he stood there on his little boat until the danger was past, and never tried to fly away like the others. After we had passed, I am sure he chuckled over the fun of it—this riding the tide as it ran out, and getting right under the noses of the ferries. I am sure he must have called out to all the other gulls who scattered away in fright, "Fraid cat."

I think it is Stevenson who says some place that it always warms a man's heart to see a woman brave. I think it warms your heart even to see a bird who is brave. I know I thought of it often that day while I worked at the studio.

Answers to Correspondents.

Elizabeth G.—My new picture is "The Poor Little Rich Girl." I loved Tess, too. Send your scenario to the Artcraft Studios, New York City. I will be in California for some time on a new production, but my mail is all forwarded.

Gladys H.—I am sure you have the scene from "Tess" wrong. Of course the baby was not put into scalding water. Be careful in your choice of reading. I think at sixteen a girl is apt to become morbid if she only reads the saddest books and cultivates looking on the dark side. You know, the sun really is shining all the time somewhere.

Grace L. P.—Beauty is an asset, of course, in the motion picture work, but I think that brains are really more at a premium. Merely being the possessor of a pretty face will not bring success to a girl in this field.

Caroline K.—Be patient and study hard. You are too young to go out in the world alone. Make up your mind not to quarrel with your stepmother, and bend every effort to being the kind of girl your own mother would have wished, had she lived. Write again.

Blanche W.—Mothers are indeed the most precious possessions in the world. I am sure I write too much about mine, but letters like yours prove to me there are many other girls who feel just as I do. My mother's Christian name is Charlotte.

David R.—Francis K. Bushman is still with the Metro company. In answer to your next question, I do not know. Mary Garden has not appeared in pictures, but I have heard that she has signed with the Goldwyn Corporation. I am sure you are wrong. Good ideas are at a premium, but at the same time, you must know how to present them for consideration. Yes, I did write one of my pictures, "Hearts Adrift."

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

MR. TUCKER'S SECRET.

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Such queer things make people interesting all at once, don't they? Up at the studio there was one of the men who always seemed to me rather quiet and even commonplace. That doesn't seem very kind to say of a person, but I only mean he never seemed to do anything special or out of the ordinary. He was just Tucker. That isn't his name, but we mustn't use his real one.

Then several times I noticed that Mother stopped and chatted with him in such an interested way, and I wondered about it. He was young, about twenty-five, maybe, and he had looked worried for several weeks, so I thought Mother was just being nice to him. She's that way to everyone around wherever I happen to be working.

Then I forgot about Mr. Tucker for a few days, we were so busy getting through "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and preparing to leave for California. But there was something very mysterious about the way he acted. He would stand apart from the rest of the company, and look so preoccupied and anxious, that you couldn't help noticing him. When I wasn't in a scene I'd catch myself looking at him, and making up all sorts of secret sorrows for him to have on his mind.

You can think of any number of worries if you once start in. One day I just caught myself smiling because Buttercup's old line about the canker worm that was gnawing at her very vitals, came back to me. Lottie and I used to love that. Lottie would say it like Sam Weller, "werry vitals." And there I was, wishing I knew about Mr. Tucker's "werry vitals."

I did mean to ask Mother what she thought about him, but it slipped my mind. So it was only when I'd catch him off guard, as it were, that I'd take side glances at him on the quiet, and think that perhaps, poor boy, he was up to his ears in debt, or maybe he was in love and couldn't win the girl, or maybe the doctor had looked him over, and ordered an operation. Really, and truly, since Mother was so sick, I'm afraid of doctors, although she had a wonderful one and got well so quickly. But I mean I'm afraid that they will tap at you and look you over suspiciously, and then order an operation. So, finally, I made up my mind I'd tell Mother to find out what was the matter with him, and we'd try and help him somehow, because it bothered me awfully seeing him around so blue all the time.

It always seems to me as if there must be a remedy or a way out of anything if other people will only take an interest and give a helping hand. Jack says I've always "batted in," ever since he could remember, and tried to fix everything from his broken toys to a neighbor's bantam rooster that died near us once. Jack says I dug it up to see if it had sprouted, but I don't believe a word of it. But I did try to feed bird seed to his pet turtles because I'd heard of turtle doves, and he never gets tired of telling that as a joke on me.

Anyway, to get back to Mr. Tucker, one

day we worked long past the lunch hour, re-taking one scene several times until I was so hungry I didn't know what to do. Then, when I was through and ready to eat, mother stopped to speak to Mr. Tucker, and there they both were with their heads together, talking, talking, talking, and I was standing first on one foot then the other. I'm sure that being pleasant is just a habit.

Finally, I began to catch a word here and there, "Nine and a half pounds. Wonderful muscular development—born quarter past two this morning, Mrs. Pickford. Happy as a clam—"

Then I understood. Ever since Lottie's baby came, you can catch mother any time if you bait the hook with baby talk. She seems to scent a brand-new baby, and she'll talk to anybody at all who owns one of them. And that's what the mystery was, Mr. Tucker's secret sorrow. One nine and a half pound boy. When we got upstairs I asked her just for fun if she was as wild about me when I was born. If you could have seen her eyes dance and her smile. But all she said was:

"Oh, go on with you, Mary. Lunch will get all cold, dear."

Aren't mothers darlings?

Answers to Correspondents.

Elizabeth G.—Such a dear letter, that twilight one of yours, was. It was such fun to hear from one girl who did not want to be a moving picture actress. I wish I could see one of your barn performances in the country. Geraldine Farrar's last picture was "Joan the Woman."

Mrs. George G.—Our new picture is "The Poor Little Rich Girl." Indeed I do appreciate the interest and kindness of all the friends who write to me. Ethel Barrymore is with the Metro Company.

Warren K.—Why not try the Chicago studios? It is better to market your scenarios there if you can, as you can get into personal touch with their needs. "Less Than the Dust" was taken on Long Island.

Mrs. Grace K.—It is best to submit a typed manuscript. Why not try something easier as a means of livelihood? It takes experience and technique to prepare an acceptable script. I am sure if I were in your place with those babies to care for, I should attempt something I knew exactly how to do, and not branch out in a new field.

Rex T.—I wore boy's clothes in "Poor Little Peppina," but only when she is disguised as the boy Beppo. It is Marguerite Clarke you are thinking of. "The Foundling" was taken at the Famous Players' Studio in New York, excepting, of course, our out-of-door scenes.

Jean McC.—I think you are wonderfully brave. With two big brothers fighting in France, you must be your mother's little soldier at home. I was born in Toronto.

MARY PICKFORD

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

BILLY'S SWEETHEART.

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I ALWAYS love the kiddies around the studio, those who are playing in our productions, and even the youngsters who hang around the entrance to sing out, "Hello, Mary," when I go in. The other day there was the cutest little chap about four years old who stood watching us work.

He was rather serious with a wistful little mouth, big brown eyes and yellow curls, and oh, how he stared with those eyes. Mother had just come in. While we were at the Fort Lee studio, she used to make the run from town every noon in the car with a wonderful hot lunch for me, and it always rested me twice as much to have her there to share it.

"She's nice, isn't she?" he asked, looking up at mother. "I'd like to know her. I'd like to speak to her. Do you know her?"

Mother told her she rather did know me, just a little bit. And after he had talked some more in his odd, chivalrous little way, she gave him 10 cents, but he handed it back.

"No, thanks," he said, thoughtfully "You'd better keep it. You may need it." There was a world of understanding in his tone of voice. You felt that he had already faced some of life's problems, like so many of these little people of the stage. "She's coming away, now, isn't she? Do you know her well enough to speak to her?"

There were several people standing around to talk to me of one thing and another, but presently mother took his hand in hers and introduced him gravely to me. His name was Billy, he told us.

"Say, Mary," he asked, gulping once or twice to get up courage, "will you swap curls with me? I'll give you one of mine for one of yours."

I knelt down and told him if I gave curls to everyone who asked for them, I'd be just as bald as a grass-

hopper, and he really did manage to find a smile for that, and showed his dimples deliciously.

"Will you be my beau?" I asked teasingly. He didn't quite understand that, so I changed it. "Will you be my sweetheart?"

"Yes, I will, Mary," he promised, just as seriously as could be. "And you can have anything you want, too. You can have ice cream every single day if you want it. Strawberry ice cream, and vanilla and chocolate, and—and tutti frutti. You can even have licorice ice cream, I guess, if you want it."

Wasn't that dear? I saw his mother waiting for him and I kissed him a good-by, promising to see him again soon. I suppose he will be trotted around from one studio to another, waiting while his mother tries to "land" him; dear, grave-eyed little laddie who ought to be playing with his toy horse and wagon in some jolly nursery, or sliding down hill.

I asked one of the men if he knew the child.

"Little Billy? Sure. His father was killed in the taking of a picture out in Jersey. He had to make a jump from a moving train just as it entered a tunnel and missed his grip on the wires overhead. Too bad? Oh, yes, Miss Pickford, but it's all in the day's work. Lots of the boys are doing harder things than that and getting away with it. He must have lost his head."

Perhaps that is why Billy's brown eyes held so serious a look. Tragedy is terrible, no matter in what form it comes into our lives, especially when it strikes at our nearest and dearest, but surely it is worse when it takes the love and light out of a kiddie's life, and leaves him face to face with the world's realities at four years of age.

My father died when I was only five. And I know how the mother who is left with little ones must be father and mother both in her cherishing love and protectiveness over them. I saw Billy's tired little mother hold him to her with almost hungry eagerness as she fastened his little reefer, and I understood.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

CLEARING OUT CLUTTER.

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It seems to me if people would get rid of a lot of clutter in their lives, they would enjoy life much more. We went to call on an old friend of mother's not so very long ago, who lives in a really pleasant house in the old portion of New York, down near Gramercy Park. It was a four-story brown stone residence, with a little iron railing around the area way, and a colonial doorway with side lights and a fan light overhead and a brass knocker that looked as if it belonged there and had not been resurrected from some brass shop and nailed on recently.

But inside, the house was one mass of accumulated clutter from several generations. You wanted to throw open the windows, and get plenty of air and sunlight into the shadowy corners, and try the effect of nice clean ivory paint on the dark old woodwork. There were three family portraits on the wall in oil, and some steel engravings out in the front hallway, a copy of the Declaration of Independence, and a picture of Washington's call on Betty Rose when they settled the colors of the flag.

When mother talks, I always feel myself lulled in a way. I love to listen to her, no matter who she is talking to, she is so dear and gay and always says the usual thing in a different sort of a way that interests you. So, there she was, saying the nicest things to these two little old ladies, the aunts of her girlhood friend, who had come down to entertain us, and I had a chance to look around me.

Dear me, the front drawing-room was full of relics, and what they couldn't find room for there was out in the big sombre back room. And Miss C— was telling mother about when she was a girl and showing her an old ring with somebody's hair in it, John Quincy Adams' or Noah Webster's, I forget which. And mother was saying, wasn't it nice she had it to look at often. Then the other Miss C— went over to an old glass cabinet and brought out a cut-glass goblet that Colonel Washington had drunk from on his first visit to New York when he had been but a youngster.

"My grandmother entertained him then," she said, happily. "We have the very chair he sat in at dinner and the cushion."

It made me wonder and think a lot. Out West, while we were taking "Little Pau," I used to love to watch the forest rangers at their work. All the brush was cut out and piled up, so that the young green tree shoots underneath would have a chance to grow tall and strong in the sunlight. And isn't clutter the same? Does it pay to place so much importance on all these old things from the past, so that we forget what a really wonderful day we are living in now?

Still, perhaps, some day my great-grandchildren and Lottie's may be showing some of our things, and telling how interesting poor dear old great-grandmother Mary was, and how she did love to collect things. I suppose we are just as queer as they were. I love keepsakes, and in our family, when anything special happens to one or the other, we are likely to give presents.

When mother came out of the hospital, we all of us gave her something nice, and when I was a wee little thing, I can remember she always had a surprise for me just as soon as I began to get better if I had a little cold or anything the matter with me.

So perhaps clutter is after all precious,

when it consists of keepsakes. I read somewhere of one of our very richest widows who lived in several splendid homes, and one day sent for her architect and asked him if he couldn't reproduce for her in exact detail the little five-room white cottage she had been married in, hair cloth furniture, chair ties, carpet hassocks, rag rugs, and everything, for she loved that little place best of all.

So far, I can't think of any special spot of earth I love best of all. We lived in our trunks, so to speak, so many years, traveling around here and there, and it seems as if I can look back at every single part of the country with enjoyment and liking. Mother used to say we were three little gypsies, we were always so glad to be on the move again, and, I declare, I felt the same funny little thrill of excitement when I heard we were leaving the Fort Lee studios the end of January, and were bound for California. Probably some day those same dear great-grandchildren of mine will be telling each other what a perfect little gadabout I was, or maybe, if I never have any children of my very own, Lottie's descendants will be saying it. Lottie's baby does seem to give her so much added importance in the family, but she's a darling. Mother said the only reason she didn't want to leave New York was on account of little Mary Pickford, Jr.

Answers to Correspondents.

Stephen R.—I do appreciate all you say in your letters, but the past two months we have been very busy, and I cannot answer all my letters as I would wish, in full. If you have a regular position, I certainly would not give it up for the uncertainties of a stage career, unless I was very sure it was my real life work.

Isabel McG.—You poor child! I nearly lost my dear mother recently after a severe operation, but she was spared to us, so I can sympathize with you. Write again to me. You must be the little mother now to the rest.

Judith M.—Submit your poems to different magazines. They pay, I think, from fifty cents to a dollar a line. The love of my friends all over the world, next to my mother's, is the greatest inspiration I have. It is better to send your photograph and a full description of yourself with an application for studio work, but if you have the gift for poetry, why do you try in the other field? Your own talent is so rare and beautiful.

Mrs. L. Z.—Your theme seems a powerful one if worked out in regular synopsis form. Women may have to suffer most, but are they not made stronger in spirit and courage to stand motherhood? Work out your story and send it in.

Joseph P. C.—I cannot arrange an interview as we are taking a picture in California now. You have youth and aspiration. Don't give up hope with those two. Make friends. Remember that to gain friendship, we must give friendship ourselves. New York is not a great monster waiting to devour you. It is the best market place in the world for success.

Bernice B.—I don't know. Yes, my mother was on the stage. Lottie is younger than I am, and Jack is the baby of the family, only you mustn't tell him so. Wait until you are older before deciding.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

LITTLE SAINT VALENTINE.

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Here's hoping this may meet the eyes of my little Saint Valentine who didn't give his address in his letter. I was feeling just a little bit crosswise the morning I found his letter in with a great lot of others. Don't you know there do come days when it's fearfully hard to smile at everything? I can remember the funniest little boy who belonged to our laundress, and he used to stand with his feet wide apart, and purse out his lips and say,

"I'll be mad, I'll be mad all day, sure thing."

And some days I could almost say that too, although being peasant is a good deal of a habit. If you once start in, it's so much easier, too, than starting the Tattycoram tantrums. Do you know Tattycoram? She's in "Great Expectations," and since Jack played Pip, we have all been using her for a by-word on sudden flashes of temper.

That morning, as I say, I felt crosswise, and then I opened this letter. It was postmarked, "Piney Corners, Tenn." It looked like "Penn." too, and I'm not sure how which it is, but little Saint Valentine lives there.

He's ten years old and lame, he says in his letter. He fell off the old gray mule when he was about two and a half, and he guesses the doctor fellow up the mountain didn't know much about cracked bones and hip joints, because he didn't fix his leg so he could use it again, and it's shorter than the other one, too.

But every year, at St. Valentine Day, Joe has lots of fun. Probably it wouldn't seem like fun to you, but he fairly chuckles over it in his letter. He thinks up every one he knows of who is in need of love to lighten up their life, and he writes them little letters. Sometimes they do the work, too, he says. He wrote to Mr. Crawford, the blacksmith, and sent him love from his daughter Minnie, over at Spruceville, after they hadn't spoken to each other since Minnie married Len Allen. And Mr. Crawford hitched right up and rode over to see the new baby, Joe says. So that was some success, wasn't it?

And another one was the school-teacher, Mr. Bugby. He got a valentine made of birchbark, and written on it in Joe's best hand was a mysterious letter from "the lady with brown eyes and one tooth gone in front." Joe says he knew Mr. Bugby had had his eye on her for a long while, but dassent muster up courage to speak up, so St. Valentine helped him. A letter found its way to her door, too, urging her to link her fate with "One who loves you truly. Signed, T. B."

"My big sister helps me find out who needs the letters most," writes Joe. She's fourteen and her name is Susan. She sends her love to you, Mary, and says she bets you won't answer this, but I think you will. I don't know whether you have a sweetheart, or if you like blue eyes or brown best, so I am leaving that part out, but I hope you like your valentine."

I do like it, Joe. I love it. I've got it tacked up on the wall in my dressing room at the studio, and it just breathes of your piney woods. May I tell the rest about it? It is written on birchbark, Joe's favorite writing material, and the silver gray edges

curl over a little bit. At each corner he has drawn a heart pierced by an arrow, and then in the center is the poetry:

"Dearest M—

Don't worry when it's raining,

Or when the sky looks blue,

There's some one here on Piney Knob,

And he loves you."

Isn't that nice? I can shut my eyes and make believe I can see Piney Knob. You know that famous picture of the beautiful mountain in Japan, Fujiyama, just a snow white cone rising in the deep blue sky? Well, my picture is like that, only it is a splendid, brave green mountain, crowned with pines. I don't know exactly where it is, but Joe's on it, just as brave and tender a little St. Valentine as can be, and I hope every letter he sends out will bring about happiness and heart re-unions. Surely his life teaches us all a lesson of cheerfulness. Why, he even said he liked gray mules after one had kicked up and thrown him off its back. And he told all about what a fine sister Susan was, though her pancakes were "kind of pinglin." I gave a kiss to you, Joe, and I'll be your valentine this year.

Answers to Correspondents.

Beverly T.—I do not know of any actress named Nella Moreland. Do you mean "The Great Adventure," by Arnold Bennett?

Doris R.—Yes. I love the Campfire ceremonials, too. So you think I am discouraging to girls who want to go on the stage? If you knew the battle it is unless one is physically fit and has unlimited courage and perseverance you would agree with me. I think nearly all girls want to go on the stage, don't you? It is the craving for self expression, but they do not realize the big uphill fight ahead of them.

Gladys H.—No, my real name is not Gladys Smith. It is really and truly Mary Pickford, but you have a very pretty name, I think. Tell Jack he surely deserves a picture after such a long siege of illness.

Elene Y.—"Hearts Adrift" was taken in Los Angeles. If an actor is on a salary with a company, he receives it whether he works or not in a picture. Billie Burke's baby's name is Florence Patricia Ziegfeld.

Nellie R.—You must not feel despondent when you are so young. Looks are really nothing in the great summing up. It is character that counts, and achievement. Oh, I wish I could help you. Remember Glad in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," how she said if you wished and wished for a thing, it came true. Cheer up.

Pauline K.—My love for my mother has filled my whole life. I truly think no harm could come to any one who knew such cherishing and care. I do not think the end of the world is so near, but if it should be, is it right to think only of one's own safety? To me the essence of right living is unselfishness. If you resemble Marguerite Clarke, you must be very pretty.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

CRAVING SYMPATHY.

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A BOUT a year ago, an old gentleman who had been playing with us came down very ill indeed, and was absent from the studio for several days.

"I feel a little bit worried over Daddy G—," mother said finally, at breakfast. That was enough. When mother's really worried about any one, she never stops until she has trailed them, and assured herself they are all right.

So after lunch she rode over to an old fashioned theatrical boarding house on West Thirty-eighth street, and found he had been taken down to St. Vincent's hospital. It seemed he had been there before and liked the gentle care of the sisters. It was in the spring, and mother took a big round pot of mignonette with her, and some jellies, and hunted him up. He was very ill with cancer of the throat, and might not recover, they told her.

"I want you to come down and see him tomorrow, Mary," she told me that night.

"But, mother, dear, I didn't know him well at all," I said.

"Never mind. You're coming. What he needs is sympathy. Mr. Ford's going to see him, too, and I'll get more to promise they'll go, down. All that was the matter with him was that he didn't think any one cared whether he lived or died, so there he was, just willing to fall asleep and never flutter a feather to help himself, as one might say. I took him down a lot of new magazines to look over."

She stopped and smiled reminiscently as she pinned on her hat.

"It made me think of Stubbs, the dog at Truckee," she said.

We were up at Truckee, Cal., where Little Pal was taken. They had a lot of Alaskan sledge dogs there, such splendid fellows, and I used to love to pet them. Stubbs was the leader,

and one day we noticed him lying down and acting perfectly wretched. The man who looked after the teams stood and smoked placidly.

"Looks the image of a pized pup, doesn't he, Miss Pickford?" he asked laughingly, when I wanted to help him. "He ain't hurt a bit. He's just putting that on for sympathy. Thinks the rest of the pack has been getting a little more notice than he has. See his ear lift? He's listening to every word I'm saying."

Now Stubbs really hadn't been getting petted nearly so much as the other dogs, just because he was the leader, and he always seemed so much stronger than they, and self sufficient. So we petted him and talked to him.

"Fine old Stubbs. Good old boy, it's a shame he's sick and miserable, isn't it?" we said.

And he perked right up, and almost smiled at us. Doesn't it seem as if dogs do smile? I think they do. Anyway, I knew what mother meant when she said poor old Mr. G. made her think of Stubbs, and we all helped to pet him and make him feel he was wanted and needed, and missed awfully. How little kind words cost! Extra thought, that is all, and a little more time, and think of the wealth of good they do. I declare, he fairly bloomed under mother's treatment, and they had him out in no time after the operation, and back in his room, only she changed it from the north end of the house to the south.

"Always face the south and the sunshine, Daddy," she told him. "It's half the battle to have the sun calling to you hello, every morning. Now, be up at the studio in a couple of days, and don't you let me hear of an old campaigner like you falling in his tracks before he's 96, anyhow. It sets a bad example to Mary and the other young folks, Daddy."

It taught me a lesson. Mother's full of life. She knows just how to make life "one grand sweet song," I do believe.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

MY INNER SELF.

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I HAD a dear letter the other day from a young girl in New England. She works in a corset factory, is 17 years old and just the middle one in a family of seven "the odd one," as she says. It gives me the queerest thrill of responsibility, sometimes, when I read a letter like hers. She says:

"It is after supper and I am up in my room alone, just my inner self and you, Miss Pickford. Oh, do you know how tired out I am? Sometimes, it just seems as if I never could get up again so early and hurry to dress and eat my breakfast, and get over to the factory. I hate everything—those awfully tired days, my work, and my life, and especially myself, and I wish I were dead over and over again. If there was ever a chance of a let up, I wouldn't mind, but there isn't. Some of the girls who are pretty get married, but I'm not pretty a bit and none of the fellows like me that way. I go to the movies and see all the love stories there, then I come home and look in the mirror and throw myself on the bed and cry. Oh, what's the use, anyhow?"

It is a strange thing that happens to all of us, that facing our inner self, as we call it, when one is able to stand alone before the mirror of life and look at one's own image there, the real self.

We go along from day to day in a glamour of hope or a mist of misery. Either one is equally effectual when it comes to clouding the real issues and facts. My heart goes out in yearning sympathy to this girl friend of mine, and oh, how many, many there are like her scattered all over the country, whose life is set to the measure only of the whirling factory wheels and pounding belts.

After I appeared in *The Eternal Grind*, I received many letters from factory girls. Each one, it seemed to me, spoke from one young heart beaten, ground slowly on the wheel of life, rasped and bruised out of all its natural semblance.

"If there was ever a chance of a letup!"

The chance lies usually in marriage, and this girl says she is homely and none of the "fellows" like her. You see, in novels and plays of factory life, you don't find the homely girl. The

heroine is always a beauty, loved by the wealthy owner's son, envied by all the other girls. I'd love to play the other kind, the homely girl whose face never wins her love or admiration, who stands at her loom in the mill, or before some factory table, doing her daily stint of labor. "When that wonderful prayer was given to humanity, it, spoke of 'our daily bread,'" but said nothing at all of "our daily labor" for that bread. What secret of happiness could one pass along to this girl of the factory, that would give her her rightful human heritage of earthly happiness.

Sometimes we go on for years, I am sure, without realizing that inner self which stands for the best in us. I know I never knew of it at all until the hour I knelt beside my sister Lottie in the big quiet church, while mother was lying on the operating table. Everything that had meant life to me just seemed to fall away like a garment and left only myself, the real self, praying that my mother should be spared to us children.

I wonder if it is possible to so fortify and defend the inner self that work and disappointment and all the other canker worms that eat the rose of love and hope cannot find their way in. This little factory girl feels her life is a failure because she is not pretty and attractive. Yet some of the dearest and best valued friends I have are far from beautiful. Some of the greatest women of the world have been what we would call homely. Think of the pictures you have seen of Mrs. Browning and George Eliot and Charlotte Bronte, yes, and even dear Louisa Alcott. They're not one bit pretty, are they? Just think of the pictures of Jenny Lind and Sarah Bernhardt when she was young. Why, I used to wonder how on earth even wonderful Ellen Terry could be such a success.

"She isn't a bit pretty, mother," I have said, and mother would laugh at me.

"Ah, dearie, she's got more than beauty. She has genius."

And perhaps that is the answer. We may not all be beautiful, but surely we can all of us factory girls, actresses, mothers and wives, have the genius for loving, the genius for kindness, the genius for friendship. Perhaps this what our inner selves crave, the chance to give freely instead of fretting and worrying over what people refuse to give us.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE ROMANY WOMAN.

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JUST before we left Fort Lee, when we were taking *The Poor Little Rich Girl* at the studio there, a gypsy woman came sauntering along the short street one day at noon.

I love to watch gypsies. They walk on a city street with such a splendid nonchalance, no matter how poorly dressed or friendless they may be. Once, when we were up in a little town in New Hampshire, I saw a deer that had strayed along the main street, and it had exactly the same look, not of defiance, but of wild, fearless interest.

The girl was young, and carried a baby on her hip. She wore many rings on her brown hands, and seven or eight different strings of beads around her neck. The silk handkerchief knotted around her head was a burnt orange color, and over it she had twisted another heavy string of big jade tinted beads.

"Want your fortune told lady?" she asked, when mother stepped out of her car, and of course mother said yes, just to hear her talk, and look her over at closer range. Besides, it was too cold for the baby outside. So we brought them both into the studio and she told our fortunes. She would not tell one with many people standing around. She must have each of us alone, she said. I had begged everyone not to tell her my name, just to see what she would tell me when my turn came.

She began in a low rather monotonous voice, but all the time her wonderful black eyes glanced everywhere, it seemed to me, now at me, now around the studio, then back in a keen, searching flash at me again, as if she would have caught my thoughts unawares. The baby lay across her knees, cooing to itself, and chewing its chubby fists.

"You go very far away soon," she said. "You go on train far away to the sea in the west—soon you go." Then she stopped and smiled at me winningly. "You got some nice warm clothes you like to give my baby, you very pretty, nice girl. You marry very rich young man. Someone you love almost just have died, she is now alive, you thank God, yes?"

All this in one tone. I was delighted, and sent my maid after some clothes she could fix over for the baby or herself, if she liked. She told me more, oh, ever so many

things. I suppose she told the same to everyone, but it was lots of fun and when she had gone I asked mother if she thought I was silly to want to listen. So she told me a story she had heard from her grandmother of a Romany woman in Ireland. That was what they called them there, the Romanies. I wonder what queer old relic of speech that is out of the ages.

The Romany woman came with the other members of a little strolling band, and they rested their wagons on the downs above the village. She told fortunes while the men sold baskets and traded around. They seemed quiet and peaceable. She was young and had one baby, too, like the girl at Fort Lee. And one day she came to the castle and told fortunes to the cook and the two kitchen maids. One of the girls told an upstairs maid and the woman was summoned to appear before the gentry at tea out on the terrace. And after she had gone, they found the baby carefully wrapped up and left sleeping.

A footman was sent after her, but there was no trace at all of her anywhere, and when the search spread, the three wagons had gone from the downs, and they were never found.

"Such a to-do as there was," mother said. "Your grandmother saw the child, too, and said he was as fair and fine a baby as you might want to see, and he was not a gypsy, either. They found that out. She must have been frightened for fear she'd be found out, after having stolen him, and that's why she left him there. Advertisements were placed in newspapers all over the British Isles, telling of the child, and finally an answer came from Scotland."

"And was he of noble birth?" I asked eagerly. Well, wouldn't you, too? Wouldn't you have imagined him at least an earl's long-lost youngest, after all that romance? But he wasn't. He was a little laddie belonging to the apothecary in a Scotch town and his mother was "sheer daft" over his loss. So they sent him back home from the castle, and that was all. But what I wonder is this: Why did the gypsies steal him at all? Why did they ever steal children, or get the name for it? There's a strange mystery about them always, to me, and the very worst thing I could ever say to Jack when he used to tease us was that the gypsies must have stolen our own dear baby Jack when he was little and left behind them a gypsy changeling.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

CAN YOU FORGIVE?

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ON my birthday I had a little book given me, a little handy volume bound in soft dark red leather, "Selections from R. L. S." I wonder if any of you know it? I had read several of Stevenson's books, and loved *Treasure Island*, as all kiddies do, but here were all the four-leaved clovers of his genius, so to speak, picked for me and ready at hand to bring me luck and happiness in the reading.

And opening the book at random I found this the other day:

"The man who cannot forgive any mortal thing is a green hand in life."

It came just after I had read a letter from a boy out in central Illinois. He is terribly in earnest, this boy. He is clerking in a store, and handing over all of his twelve a week to his mother. There are two other boys at home besides himself and they only pay their board, five a week, keeping the rest of their money for their own use.

"I want to go up to Chicago and study," he writes, "and I haven't any chance to save up a little money. Is this right? My brothers won't hand over all of theirs and so it isn't expected of them. I want to go on the stage and have been in quite a few productions, but the other night when I was getting ready for a rehearsal for an amateur play, my elder brother kicked me out of the house, and told me either to cut out such stuff or to star away. I shall hate him as long as we both live. My mother has written to me to come back home, but I won't as long as he is there."

I am thinking of the mother, aren't you? Families are such awful people to live with when members quarrel with each other, and it is usually the mother who has to be ground between the millstones of hate. She does not see two men fighting and quarreling. They are still to her two little boys whose quarrels really amount to nothing. Why, it was just the other day she was running out to separate them when they threw mud balls at each other and yelled out frantic dares.

But to this boy it is the climax of his life so far. He is only 18, he says. He's a "home boy." He doesn't want to break away yet awhile, but he has the stage fever, and he wants to act, act in anything, be a "super" in a road show that comes to town, or playing a leading part at the Firemen's benefit. Maybe if they would just let him alone, he would get over it, and go back behind the counter in the general furnishing store. I think his mother

would, if the rest of the family would consent to manage their own affairs and let him alone. Perhaps I'm prejudiced, but I knew in our family, for instance, naturally Lottie and I did chum together because we were the two girls, but it was comical. Just the minute we had a quarrel, we used to make Jack our confidant, and sometimes he'd side with Lottie, sometimes with me. Oh, but it did cause a lot of trouble, trouble that seemed actually tragic at the time.

And that's another thing why forgiveness should be given for the asking and many times without. How few people over 25 or 30, even, let alone over 50, can remember how they were in their teens? Why, I don't believe any of the heart anguish that comes in later years when one has judgment and understanding to bear it, can compare with the gripping, lonely agony of the boy and girl that feel that nobody understands or loves them.

I suppose that seems a joke to grown-up people, just as they laugh at young love, "puppy love," as they call it, when it is really the purest and most idealistic love that comes to a human being.

So I'm hoping some one will know how to forgive, in this case, the boy who has been kicked out of his home, and the mother who probably feels he should return and make reparation to his elder brother for his part in the trouble. Perhaps if she takes his part too strongly the rest will be against him. I think if I were his mother, I might want him to go up to Chicago and stand on his own feet. There comes the inevitable day when every mother-bird watches the first flight of the strongest nestling. And she should be glad and proud that he wants to try his wings. Why, it seems so old to me! Still, that may be because we were taught self-reliance right from the time we were wee youngsters. And mother showed she had faith in us, even after we had disobeyed her sometimes, in small things, and quarreled and done wrong generally.

"Try again, she would tell us. 'There now. I forgive you even if you don't deserve it. Go and be good now, and start all over again.'"

Oh, but that's a relief, when you're all choked up and broken-hearted and bewildered, and you're told to forget it all. You're forgiven and you're going to make a fresh start. Doesn't it seem as if the whole world rolled right down off your shoulders when you heard it said? Remember what Stevenson said, even if you're the grown-up one now and there's a boy or girl waiting for your word.

"The man who cannot forgive any mortal thing is a green hand in life." I think he meant women, too.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE LOST PENDANT.

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Mother used to warn me, when I was a tiny kiddie, against letting my temper get the better of me. Jack always used to flare up like a Roman candle and splutter when things went wrong, and he still does, but Mother would talk to both us girls, and try to teach us how silly and unreasonable sudden anger is, and all it may lead to.

"Count ten, or walk around the block, or look at yourself in the glass and see how pretty it makes you, but don't let your temper loose."

Then, long after, I read of the actual effects anger has on your nerves, how it really does destroy the vital nerve tissue so that you have to take extra strength to repair it. It leaves its traces indelibly on the face too. Haven't you noticed even in young people, those who get angry easily? They wear a harassed look, their mouths droop at the corners, and their eyes are looking for trouble. If they only realized the beautifying possibilities that lie behind a smile. It "lifts the sag" far better than any beauty doctors can do.

We were at work on "Cinderella" at the time this happened. My dressing room at the studio was the first one as you entered a long corridor lined with others. There was always an electric light burning here, but still it was quite dark coming from the brilliancy of the open studio.

There was one girl with the company who was quite nervous. She did not remain very long, I remember, but she was very pretty and English. The only thing was, she had a quick temper and would flare up at the least fancied slight, so that the rest of us were on pins and needles, so to speak, never knowing when Miss K's fireworks might start popping.

One afternoon, we were all rather tired, as the director had kept us at one scene over and over again until it was right. I hurried to my dressing-room, as Mother was waiting for me, and I was good and hungry. And all at once I heard Miss K's high-pitched tones. "Don't allow anyone to leave the studio, please. I have lost my diamond pendant!"

Now, just that was enough to make everyone feel personally affronted. Just as if we wouldn't have helped her find her pendant and returned it, every single employe in that studio from the director and myself to the boys who shifted scenes. She raged around, demanding that everyone help her find her pendant, and that the cloak lockers used by the men, as well as the dressing rooms, be all searched. I stepped to my door and looked out into the studio. The lights were down, excepting for the usual ones. Everybody, actors and workers, stood around irresolutely, resenting Miss K's manner and imputations that the thief was among them.

"Don't you want to start with my room?" I asked her, when she came hurrying along the corridor, and while I tried to be nice, I am afraid I was a little bit mischievous, for she did look so stormy and red faced.

"Oh, of course not; how absurd, Miss Pickford," she said, quickly. "But really,

you know, one can't be too careful. It's a very valuable pendant and was given me in England by my auntie, Lady—. I wouldn't dare to go back home without it, and it could never be replaced, as it is an heirloom."

Now, of course, there was nothing to say after that, was there? I just wanted to blink and feel impressed. But the director came hurrying over to me, and asked me if I thought it right, her demand that the boys be searched before they were allowed to leave the building. It seemed she had threatened that, if he did not order it, she would call the police. And then, all at once, I saw something sparkle right there on the dusty floor of the dark hallway.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing to it, and Mr. F— reached for it. It was the diamond pendant, dropped there by the girl herself as she was on her way to her dressing room.

"Oh, I'm so sorry to have troubled you all, when it was my own carelessness," she said, very sweetly, and apologetically.

"You haven't troubled us," said Mr. F— shortly. "You've insulted everyone in the place from Miss Pickford to the boy at the switchboard. That's all."

She did not stay with us long after that, but I never forgot that suspense and resentment which held everyone through her unjust anger and suspicion. If she had only been patient and had waited until a quiet search was made, all would have been well. As it was, I don't think one person in the studio ever liked her afterwards. Consideration of other people's feelings is such an easy thing to acquire, and the lack of it brings such unhappiness.

Answers to Correspondents.

E. M.—Your composition was very tender. I have a brother Jack, and sister Lottie, both younger than I am. My mother is always with me.

Ursula—Choose the work that you love best. If you really have artistic ability, I would pursue that rather than the stage. The latter takes exceptional talents for success.

Sue R.—Lottie named the new baby Mary Pickford, Jr. Wasn't that dear of her? "Evangeline" was produced as a play by Edna Goodrich. I do not know whether it has been used in the "movies," or not.

Fanny P.—Why go into the factory at all? A high school education surely fits you for something better. Be brave and plucky, and try for a clerical position first. Enid Markey was with the Triangle, I think.

Mabel R.—The Marblehead picture was "The Pride of the Clan." Pearl White is with Pathe. If you are able to get your full schooling, take full advantage of it.

Ernestine—"Poor Little Peppina" was taken here in America. Yes, I wore a wig when my hair was supposed to be cut off. Jack Pickford is my brother.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

LOVE'S HOUSEKEEPING.

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DO you think it is right for anybody to try to discourage young people from marrying just because his or her own venture has been a failure? It does seem to me as if middle-aged men and women, who have been all through their honeymoon ages ago, take a perfect delight in trying to kill all the romance in the hearts of engaged couples, and those who wish they were engaged.

"Take my advice, and never marry," your dearly beloved Aunt Jessica tells you confidentially. "You'll only be sorry the rest of your days. Stay free and happy. Do you suppose if I could know all that lay ahead of me, and had it to do over again, that I'd ever dream of marrying your uncle?"

And you listen meekly, perhaps wondering how she had ever married him at all. Then comes along Uncle Phil, and entreates you to drop this nonsense he has heard about.

"Child, you haven't the slightest idea of what marriage means. You see a golden path ahead of you, with an eternal bridal morn effect, wedding bells, bridesmaids, flowers and your prince at your side. Now you just listen to your old Uncle Phil. Your aunt is a sensible, estimable woman, but do you think for one instant that if I, as a young ambitious man, could have realized the full responsibilities and realities of married life, I would ever have married? Rather not."

While we were in New York I met a young girl at the rooms of a friend in the hotel. She was about 18, and such a pretty, demure little thing, dressed in a dark blue serge suit, with simple turnover linen collars and cuffs.

My friend, a girl from Denver, who was east with her mother, had a wealthy father backing her in her efforts to gain success. She had a small part in a new musical comedy and was too elated even to be interested in a love story, except to warn Jean, the other girl, against losing her head as well as her heart.

"You just can't afford to in this stage game, Jean," she told her earnestly. I suppose she's as much as 19 herself, but she does think she has solved all of life's problems. "Can't you keep her from marrying him, Mary? He's 22 and hasn't a thing ahead of him. Why, he lives in a two and a half week hall room somewhere and earns about twenty-five a week when he can get work. And Jean's been singing with a road show that broke up in Canada a month ago and

she hasn't found anything since. Yet those two actually expect to get married any day and be happy. It's a shame, because she's so pretty and young."

Then Jean talked to me confidentially.

"You know, Miss Pickford, New York's awfully lonesome, and Bob's a home boy. We really can live more cheaply if we're married than we do now, because I know where you can get the dearest little housekeeping rooms for four and five a week, unfurnished. Then I've got quite a lot of things at home that I know mother'll send down to me, cushions and bedding and pictures from my room, and we can get some furniture on the instalment plan, about a hundred dollars worth, perhaps, and we'd be so happy. Bob's just crazy for a little home, and he says he knows a lot about cooking. The boys where he lived used to go camping, you know, each year, and he's so clever. I'm not a bit afraid. I know we'll get on all right. I'm going in the B— production next week."

"Then why on earth don't you go ahead and do it?" I asked her.

She said because everybody discouraged them, his people and her people and even casual friends they had made in New York. The girls and women told her she was crazy to hamper herself with a husband when she was just starting in the profession, and the men told him he was simply a fool to dream of taking on a wife as excess baggage when he couldn't support himself.

So I encouraged them, and told her I'd marry him right away if I were in her place, because they'd never need each other's love and companionship more than now in the days of adversity and upgrade climbing.

Well, they've married, and have a tiny three room apartment way uptown where there are still great shelving rocks showing in the vacant lots; and you can reach the Dyckman street ferry over to the woods on the Jersey side in a jiffy. And the last I heard they were just as happy as could be. Bob was singing in a Broadway production, and Jean still held her position in the chorus, understudying one of the principals, and hoping for her chance to come.

But, don't you see, while they are waiting and hoping, they have each other, and the tiny home nest, and all the encouragement of working together for that home and each other. Love is the most wonderful nest builder in all the world, and the beauty of it all is that when the winds blow one nest away, love starts right in to build another.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.

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I CRIED over a letter that came to me from Hamilton, Ontario. Yes, I know that people say that when we cry in the pictures, there must have been emotions near, but even that isn't one bit true. If you are throwing yourself, heart and soul into a character, you really do seem to suffer and feel what you are playing. All the rest of the family say I never cry outright—that is sob and get excited and flustered. I can't. It just seems as if all I can do is to feel choked up and hurt all through me, and then comes the relief of tears, and how they do bubble up and overflow.

But I know you might have felt tears rise to your eyes, too, if you could have seen this letter. It was from a little girl, "the soldier of our family at home," she called herself.

Her father and two brothers had gone with the Canadian troops across the sea. Oh, those valiant Canadians! They've made the home land proud of them, Kipling's Lady of the Snows. The youngest boy had been killed, and the mother was sick in heart and body with the awful suspense so, the 13-year-old daughter was the head of the family now. It wasn't a downcast letter. All through it you saw the pride and patriotism and fin. faith in the rulers of her country. But there was just one doubt cast, and I wonder if every civilized woman and girl through the length and breadth of the whole world has not asked herself the same in these days.

"Of course," she writes, "I know it was right for them to go when all the rest went, but I was asking mother if she thought we would ever have any wars at all if it were left to the women to decide, and if women would want to kill other women. I don't think they would agree to that, do you Mary?"

No, indeed, I don't think they would. So long as it is a war of men and your country calls on you to do your bit, too, then you must share the danger shoulder to shoulder with the other fellows. I can quite understand that. It's the code of fair play. But can you imagine women—mothers of girls and boys—going out to kill one another with the strange deadly fatal-

ism that seems to seize our soldiers? They know the cost of human life too well.

I talked with one boy home here in the states from a term of service with the Foreign Legion in France. He had no special feeling one way or the other so far as the main causes of the war were concerned, but he said to me:

"I wanted to be in it, don't you know. It's such a bully scrap."

I could only sit and look at him, wondering what it is in the male nature that makes it love and seek just that—"a bully scrap." We girls are born with the natural shrinking even from the sight of blood. Maybe that comes from some strange instinct, some subconscious memory out of the dim ages, from mothers who hated the perpetual carnage and fighting around their homes and loved ones. I don't know. I made up my mind when mother was so ill in the hospital that if she died, I would leave my work in the studios forever, and go as a Red Cross nurse, but if I had gone, I know I would have felt the great surging resentment in me always, over the poor broken shattered bodies of the children of women.

Have you ever watched them feeding an enormous grain hopper in the big mills? It seems as if tons of grains fall in to be crushed. Isn't that just like war? Oh, that letter from little Barbara, the soldier of the home, with its underlying woman faith in the gospel of peace; it was like a vision to me of the day when "peace herein abideth forever." Are we moving towards that, I wonder, gropingly, stumblingly, with tears and bloodshed, striking each other blindly in the dark, but feeling our way towards a new dawn of—what do they call it—world brotherhood? Indeed, I'd rather call it world motherhood to be quite sure they didn't start in again.

"We'd never have war if we could help ourselves, would we, Mary, dear?" the letter finished. "I don't see why it is, when you hear the drums and see them all come marching along, you want to cheer and cheer, even if you don't believe in it, and when you get back home again, you cry, as mother always does, and says she wishes there never was any such thing as war. It's queer, isn't it?"

Queer? I think it's heart breaking.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE CLOSED STUDIO DOOR.

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So many young girls write to me asking how they can get into motion picture work, and I have wondered and wondered just the right thing to say, for, really and truly, I don't know myself.

You see, I was only five when my father died, and mother had us three kiddies to take care of. It was just a little while after that that I made my first appearance on the stage, and ever since then it has been one engagement after another until I went into picture work, and I suppose children are easier to get into the studios than grown people, for all three of us found it easy.

But to jump right into it from everyday life when you're seventeen or twenty, I imagine would be very hard and the way full of heartaches and disillusion. There is much to learn, not only in the actual art itself, but in what I might call the etiquette of professional life. And, undoubtedly, there are so many, many waiting at the gate of opportunity, that much real talent is overlooked.

We were arguing about this one night at the hotel, mother and Mr. Z., and several professional friends. Mr. Z. said he did not believe it was possible to restrain or crush genius. It was the divine spark and was bound to shine.

"That's all right," mother said, "but there's many a divine spark been blown out with one puff of dismissal right at your own studios, I'll be bound, Mr. Z."

Of course he would not believe it at all, but the next week we were getting a new director, a quite famous Frenchman, who did not know me personally, although, I presume, he had seen my pictures.

"Now's your chance, Mary," mother said, laughingly. "See if you can get a position at the studio."

It was up at the new one on Seventh avenue, in New York. I went in one morning earlier than usual, and dressed very simply, just a little plain blue serge Norfolk suit and a black velvet student "Tam" on my head, and my curls tied back. There was nobody around at that hour. Even the old doortender had not come in, and two women were sweeping up. I sat down near the door until Mr. T. came hurriedly in. He is tall and dignified, very courteous in his manner, but hasty, and when I stopped him timidly, he frowned down at me absent-mindedly and asked what I wanted.

"Work, please," I said. "I-I think I can act all right if you'd just try me."

"My dear child," he said, rather wearily, passing his hand over his brow, "do you realize there are probably thousands of little girls your age suffering from the same complaint. It comes with the measles and chickenpox, my dear, and will pass off with your first love affair. Run along home, and bless me for having sent you back there."

"But couldn't you just give me a little bit of a part—anything at all," I begged. "I'm not just stage struck, please. I do love the work and I'll do anything you tell me to. I don't mind waiting one bit until you have something for me if you'll just give me some hope."

"I'm sorry," he answered firmly, stepping aside. "It is quite impossible."

"Not just one chance?"

"My dear, could we give hundreds of girls 'just one chance'?"

And that was all. I let him pass out, and then went to my own room. Later on, when we met in the studio and I had my make-up and costume on, he did not recognize me at all until I reminded him of the girl he had dismissed. Then his keen eyes twinkled with amusement. It takes the French temperament to catch the humor of such a situation, and he did not mind in the least that the joke was on himself.

"Now just see," I told him, "I couldn't have secured a position here possibly, not even an opening chance. Wouldn't it be worth while to 'try out' even hundreds in order to find the exceptional ones, the right ones?"

He shrugged his shoulders expressively. "Then, my dear Miss Pickford, you must also get two or three dozen directors, please, if you would have us survive the ordeal," he said laughingly.

But just the same, it showed me how hard it must be for anyone trying to gain even a hearing at the big studios. It takes everlasting faith in oneself and oh, such patience. Once I know I asked Mr. Belasco, when he was producing "The Good Little Devil," what he considered the qualities for success in a young boy or girl who wanted to go on the stage.

"Patience, pluck, and perseverance," he answered.

I think he was right, don't you?

Answers to Correspondents.

Dorothy and Mary—Finish your schooling first, by all means. Yes, the scenes are all screened separately. "Poor Little Peppina" was not a dual part. The little girl disguised herself as a boy, Beppo.

Louis K.—I think you mean "Great Expectations." Jack played Pip.

Madeline B.—The old Scotch remedy for chapped cheeks was plain mutton tallow. I know a little famous actress who uses it in a refined cake form, and her rosy cheeks are the envy of every one. Yes, the only baby in our family is Mary Pickford, jr., my sister Lottie's baby.

Nell B.—I'd love to see Bobbie and Elsie. And indeed, I am proud of your scrapbook idea. I'm going to tell others about it in the "Talks," and your dear little invalid friend, if you don't mind.

Roy C.—I hope you liked the picture. Mother love is best of all. "The Pride of the Clan" was taken at Marblehead, Mass., when your last letter came.

J. S. R.—Miss Frederick's next picture is a version of Daudet's "Sapho." All scripts should be typed. I do not know. Write Pathe Freres direct.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

MOTHER'S NEW CAR.

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Mother and I had a curious experience a few months ago, and a letter today reminds me of it. While we were in New York, Mother did want to spend a great deal of time with Lottie and the baby, and she was very particular about the help at both homes.

The hardest problem was with the chauffeurs. It did seem that no matter how perfect their recommendations were, or how efficient they seemed, there was always one fault with them. They always had somebody they took out riding while the car was not needed by us.

After the operation, we gave Mother a new car "for being a good girl and getting well," as I told her. It was all in her favorite tone inside, and had all the little pockets and things I knew she would like. The tobe was a delicate gray all most verging on a mauve and easy to soil. Just as we had hired a new chauffeur who seemed all he could possibly be, Mother said she had missed one of the little silver mounted note books from the side pocket, and had found fingermarks on the door upholstery.

"I know Simmons is taking the car out," she said firmly. "I've only used it half a dozen times, and look at it. If I could catch him at it, I suppose he has a wife and six children."

Now Simmons was a big, rosy checked, fine looking boy of about twenty-three or four. Mother had chosen him herself from a lot of other applicants, because she thought he had such a nice face. I suppose women will always rely more on intuition than on judgment and reason, but he had really seemed very courteous and capable. But Mother was certain he was taking the new car out and giving his friends little rides in it, and she grew more and more indignant over it. Mother really has the tenderest heart imaginable, and will do anything for any one she likes, but if she thinks she is being imposed upon—well, I think, between ourselves, she got more than her lovely gray eyes and dimples from her Irish ancestry.

And quite accidentally, she did catch Simmons "at it." There was a florist's around the corner on Broadway from the apartment house, and one evening, quite late, after Simmons had left her at the door, Mr. H— from the studio, stepped out of the florist's and saw Simmons draw up at the next corner, and two girls get into the car.

"We'll get another car and follow him tomorrow night," Mother said firmly when she heard of it. "I knew he was doing it, I just knew it, the rascal. He probably got some girls from these cabarets, or his second cousins, or heaven only knows what all. We'll have to catch him."

So the next evening we had poor Simmons followed on his joy ride. He drove around the corner as before, and two young girls got in the car. They drove far out along upper Broadway, up towards Van Courtland Park, and finally stopped, not at a roadhouse, but at a modest little four-story apartment building with stores underneath. Simmons left the car and went in. Presently he came out, carrying in his arms a little lame girl of about fifteen or sixteen, and away they went, back to town, and into the fashionable Park section. All through the Park he drove them, and stopped at a large quiet dwelling in the East Sixties. Here he carried the lame girl out in his

arms again, and up the steps with the other two following them.

As they disappeared mother said:

"Now what do you make out of this? We'll have to ask him himself."

So the next day Simmons was asked about his actions. He shook his head firmly.

"I can't tell you, Mrs. Pickford, I'm sorry, but I can't. Of course you can get the police after me, and they'll find out for you, but I won't tell. The truth is, the girls don't know I took the car out without permission. They knew it was yours, and I told them it was all right, that you said so, and they think you're wonderfully kind. I don't want to tell them this."

"Now, wasn't that clever of him," said mother in despair, after he had gone. "I couldn't do anything to him after that, could I? I suppose we'll never know the truth."

But we did. Here comes this little letter from the East way out to California today, signed, "Lovingly yours, Nell." It's from Harry Simmons' sweetheart, and they're to be married this week.

"I was working at the candy store around on Broadway," it reads: "and Harry got acquainted with me there. I told him about my little sister Flo, who was lame from hip disease, and how I couldn't afford a specialist's visits to her way out where we lived, so he said he'd ask you to let us take the car out and bring her in for treatment. And now, dear Mrs. Pickford, Flo can walk without her crutch. We were so sorry when you went West and Harry couldn't take the car any more."

"Ah, wasn't he the clever lad," mother said happily. "It makes me ashamed of myself that I didn't give him the car to play with all he liked."

But behind the laugh, there were tears in her eyes, and she smiled steadily, I do believe, for a whole hour.

Answers to Correspondents.

Anna Belle—The trait I like best in a friend is unselfishness. I don't know "The Secret of the Submarine" myself. One must excel in any line now to achieve success, there is so much competition.

Mrs. S. E. H.—My mother is with me here in California. She has fully recovered. Thank you for all your wishes for her. I think the picture I really enjoyed most of all myself was "Tess of the Storm Country."

Herbert N.—Would you want to stay behind if all your chums went? I do not believe in war, but if it must be, then surely it is fair for every man to do his duty," as England says.

Georgiana M.—You seem too young to me to undertake stage work as a profession, unless your mother can be with you. I do not think a girl of sixteen should go out into the world alone. It takes experience to guide one right.

Charlotte B.—I have heard that delicate clipping of the eyelashes and also applying olive oil promote their growth.

Agnes R.—Adele Farrington is Hobart Bosworth's wife, Margaret Illington is now with Famous-Players-Lasky Co. Write to 729 Seventh Ave.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

LIFE'S CIRCLES.

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WHILE I was in New York I met one of the most interesting girls I ever knew. She was a guest at a friend's home one evening when mother and I were there, and I liked her right away because she was so natural. It often seems as if people, especially girls between 16 and 20, rather think they must have company manner but this girl was so—well, just nice. She was not beautiful or charming at all. She had heavy dark hair, dark brows, straight and decisive over gray eyes, and a splendid complexion that told of good health.

She wore a dress of white Georgette crepe with a high girdle of turquoise blue velvet and touches here and there in the soft lace at the neck of tiny hand-made rosebuds. And when she sat down to the piano to sing and play for us, she chose old favorites from the grand operas. I was told she was studying here for grand opera, and had a studio with a girl friend.

Later when I became better acquainted with her, her story completely fascinated me, it was so different from the regular one of the country girl who dares to brave the city for ambition's sake. Frankly, I never tell any young girl she is wise to leave her home and start out along the unknown trail of success. I do think, unless one has one's mother or some relatives with one, it is dangerous and almost reckless.

But this girl sat one day, half turned around on the bench at her piano, and told me how she had been left at 13 with two little brothers and a father, all three needing care and mothering, after the passing away of the dear mother.

"Father was a country doctor," she said, thoughtfully. "And he was all bewildered when mother went away, wondering what he would do with us children. But I knew we'd get along. I had learned mother's ways, and with the help of a woman who came in once a week to do heavy cleaning, we got along. The boys always washed the dishes for me, so I could get ready for school, and I took care of the home and them, and went through high school all right."

"They were old enough then to take care of themselves. Willie was in the high school, too, first year, and Tom in the seventh grade, so I told father I wanted to go to the state university. It didn't seem possible at first, but he said I could go if I could earn my

way. He would help all he could, but it was very hard collecting bills after people got well. Somehow, human beings only seem to value a doctor when they are sick and frightened. They don't think that he or his family needs money to live on at all.

"But I went, and talked frankly to the first professor I met. It happened that his wife needed a young girl to help with three little children, all of school age. I offered my services in return for room and board, and, I can truly say, she made my whole college course happy for me. Perhaps if I had felt I was in a meretricious position, it would have been made so for me. I do think the people we meet mirror our own impression of them."

"And that is really all. I loved music dearly, and by giving lessons to the children, I was permitted to use the piano for my own practicing. Father sent me enough money for outside expenses and clothed me. I made my own dresses and that saved a lot. And when I was through I came down to New York with letters to friends of Mrs. B., the professor's wife."

"But you've taken lessons here and managed to live," I exclaimed. "How have you done it?"

"Well, I think by meeting the right people. Life moves in little circles, you know, and we must meet those who are in our circles and are congenial to us, if we want to be harmonious and successful. I secured a room very cheaply at the home of a college mate, and went right to work in a book store. I chose that because the class of people who frequent a book store are sure to be nice. Then I gave four music lessons a week to children, not much, but it paid my carfare and gave me lunch money. I took my lunches at a little home cooking place run by two sisters and they told me after I got acquainted with them that they would give me my lunches if I would act as cashier half an hour each noon. So I did. And that is a year ago. Now, I have the studio with my college chum, and we even let that out hourly daytimes to music teachers from out of town, so we make our rent. It is all easy when you just think and try."

Isn't that a story of courage and achievement? And she is just 21. Think of all the girls you know who sigh and wish they could do something worth while, and make their families miserable if they have to wash dishes or do a little mending. I firmly believe that some day I shall be one to acclaim the new singer at the Metropolitan, and glory in her success.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

FAN'S FATHER.

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I used to wish I could see a girl like "Tess," especially before the picture was taken, while we were up in the mountains. Whenever we are starting a new picture I always like really to try and make believe I am just that kind of girl, but Tess was hard to find.

And while we were taking it, I had a letter from a girl friend who was with a Georgia company.

"We found Tess yesterday," she wrote. "You would have loved her, Mary. It was about six miles out of Macon, right in the heart of the pine woods. And the Georgia pines grow so straight and tall without a lot of low branches or underbrush to close your view in. We walked from our camp along great quiet aisles, full of a golden gloom. It was indescribably impressive, just like going into one of the old-world cathedrals. And all along the roadway were passion flowers trailing over the ground. I had never seen them before. But this girl was the real flower of the pines."

"We came to a clearing right in the heart of the woods and found a man of about fifty working on a house. He was the regular mountaineer type, just like Tess's father, and up on a home-made ladder was Tess herself, hammering away for dear life. She wore a blue and white gingham apron, faded and torn, and was barefooted. Her curls fell heavily around her face, and she scowled down at us as intruders and natural enemies."

"Don't you have nuthin' to do with them, pop," she warned, as some of the men started questioning him. "Don't have nuthin' to do with nobody."

"But pop was more communicative. He said he'd started in building a new shack because the old one had 'sort of jes' jammed under all to oncet.' And Fan, she was pretty handy with a hammer and nails, so she liked to work along with him, it being her house, too. Her mother was buried up in the woods in a little rude lot fenced around with careful hands and some of the passion flowers transplanted to cover the mound. Pop showed it to us, a little proudly, for it was his work, but Fan had put in the flowers. He said they never had been church folks, and nobody knew when she died, and none of her folks had ever come to visit them, so he just buried her there under the tall pines she had loved, and Fan sang a hymn over it. I wish it had been 'Rescue the Perishing.' That would have been the finishing touch to our discovered Tess, but it wasn't. Pop said he'd most forgotten what she had sung now, but most likely it was 'Beulah Land,' as that was her favorite. I'm sending you a snapshot of the place and Fan on the ladder. She wouldn't turn her head no matter how much we begged, and scorned us utterly."

Do you know, I loved that little picture. It was only a small one, unmounted, but there was the half finished shack built of pine timbers, its skeleton half erected, and on a ladder was the figure of a girl in a big apron, her bare feet showing, and a tangled mass of curls. In every line of the shoulders and averted head there was the silent defiance and resentment at this invasion of their privacy.

All the time that we were taking "Tess," I had this girl in mind. Before the letter and picture came, I had thought of the character as altogether pathetic and appealing, a little pitiful bit

of flotsam on life's high tide of trouble. But now I caught the other side of Tess. She was proud and resentful of outside curiosity. So I tried to show that in her nature. And looking back now, I can't help but think I was right.

Why should we invade the personal realm of the poor just as a matter of amused curiosity? I know, back in New York, there was a little sewing woman at the studio who came down ill with her sixth baby, and went into a ward at Bellevue. Later she told mother she had a visiting nurse at her little flat, because she could not afford a regular one by the week, and ever since she had been bothered with visits from one investigator after another, and census takers.

"Indeed, Mrs. Pickford," she said, indignantly. "They're weighed the baby and told me what to do every minute of the day, and they've asked me my religion, and my parents, and do I pay my bills around the neighborhood regularly, and are all the children in school, and how are their teeth, and hadn't I better put my name in at the milk station. I'm sick of it, just because I don't want to pay thirty a week to a trained nurse. They wouldn't dare ask you such a mess of questions, Mrs. Pickford, now would they? Why do they do it to me?"

"I told her to use Fan's philosophy. Don't have nuthin' to do with nobody. Pop." Yet that cuts you off from the current of human companionship and good cheer. What a lot of question marks life turns into as you grow up, doesn't it?

Answers to Correspondents.

P. R. J.—I am not sure, but I think it is Pathe Freres you mean. Pearl White has been on the "Pearl of the Army" series. I do not believe in any face bleaches. Diet and exercise are the basis of every good complexion.

Rose N.—"Cinderella" was taken at Los Angeles. Miss Clarke was in "Snow White." A detailed synopsis is not necessary. My sister is named for my mother, Charlotte.

Mr. S. W., Newburyport—"The Pride of the Clan" was taken at Marblehead. I appreciate all you say of mothers. No, I have blonde hair. It takes rather dark in photography unless the sun shines on it.

Lieut. H. J.—I have never been in a South American picture. Your story of the Chilean prisoner was delightful. I would love to know the outcome. Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Cohan both will release their pictures in future through the Artercraft Company.

Louise—Suppose you try the Vitagraph Company, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Tom Moore is Alice Joyce, and they have one little baby girl. The Hearst pictures are released through the International Company. March 8, is my birthday.

Billie McG.—Don't you mean Ethel Barrymore? Her last picture is "The White Raven," a Metro wonderplay. She is Lionel and Jack Barrymore's sister. I do not know who appeared in "My Madonna." It is from a poem by Robert W. Service.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE GIFT OF GRACIOUSNESS.

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GRACIOUSNESS has always seemed to me such an inbred quality of character that it could hardly be acquired. When it is, it usually shows "cracks" like veneered wood, if exposed to any trial.

We were way up in the mountains in California taking Little Pal, when we met the prince and his hunting party. The place was called Truckee, I think. Anyway, it was very wild and the town itself consisted of just a handful of shacks. I used to wonder how the men there ever lived, for all they seemed to do was to stand around, or lean back in their wooden chairs against the sides of the buildings, staring at us, and waiting for a chance to act as extras.

One day we found a new lot of strangers had arrived. There were the Prince and Princess—well, I must not tell their names, I suppose, but they were Serbians, and had been hunting big game all the way down from British Columbia.

He was a little, inoffensive, appearing man, rather moody and silent, but very courteous even to men of Truckee, and they would have taxed anyone's patience. The Princess was really beautiful, a tall, assertive blonde woman, with wide, unblinking eyes and a clear, fine complexion. It was easy to see that everyone in the party stood in awe of her, including the little Prince himself.

One of the Truckee boys who had been playing as an extra right along brought me the dearest present—two grey squirrels he had tamed. They were the prettiest, most affectionate little pets I think I ever had and I was so proud of them. They used to sit on my shoulders and one day as I was walking down to our camp, I passed the Princess and she smiled at my two pets.

That very afternoon the boy came to me brimful of perplexity. The Prince's courier and general major domo, a rather pleasant young Austrian, had come to him with an offer that was practically an order for either my squirrels or two like them. The Princess was gracious enough, he said, to desire them herself.

"Suppose I gave her one of them?" I asked hopefully, for I wanted to help him out of his dilemma.

"And put the high seas between those two mates?" he demanded scornfully. "Not for all the nobility in Europe, Miss Mary. No sir, if she wants grey squirrels, let her get them just as they happened to grow wild, but she can't expect to come and get two trained and knowing animals like that for the asking, 'specially such asking."

"But you gave them to me," I said. "'Cause you loved them. She just wants them, 'cause they're a novelty. Anyhow, she don't know how to care for them properly."

"What do you mean?" I asked him just to see what he meant. "I think she's lovely."

"To look at, maybe, but you've got to have more'n looks to carry you far along the big trail, Miss Mary. She may be a real Princess, but she ain't got what I'd call tact, as it were."

I heard afterwards that it was the custom abroad, if a member of the royal family in any country expressed a liking for anything while he was your guest, to give it to him. But Truckee didn't see it that way at all, and the blonde Princess departed in a day or two without Mack's squirrels. I almost felt guilty about it, because I had them both, but Mack insisted she needed a lesson.

Nobody'll dare to teach her any of our little ways east of the Mississippi," he said placidly. "If she'd asked for them properly, maybe I'd have hustled around and caught her a pair."

So the gift of graciousness was lacking, even in a Princess, and it is such a simple thing after all, yet so important when it is missed. I always love to see it appear in unexpected places; sometimes a dear little kiddie has it even in dealing with children his own age, and then you will find it in the aged so often. I almost think it is nicest then. For a long while I used to receive the kindest, most gracious letters from a very old gentleman way out west, and I can't tell you how much they encouraged me. They have stopped now. Perhaps he has stepped over the threshold of life but for ever so long, those letters from a stranger over eighty years of age really made me happier because he had that gift of graciousness.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A BACK WOODS FEUD.

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SURELY, of all quarrels, family quarrels are the bitterest. Out of the backwoods of Northern Michigan there has come to me a letter with a story so weird and tragic that it seems unbelievable in real life.

The girl who writes is only eighteen, five months a wife, and living a quarter of a mile from her father's house. There are five other children still left at home, and one married sister in the neighborhood. They are all happy and comfortable, yet she writes that she carries such a secret burden in her heart that she had to confess it to someone.

Her mother had been an only daughter of a rich lumberman. After his death, her stepmother persuaded her to sign some papers. When it was too late she found out that she had given her and her son power of attorney to act for her in the sale of valuable lands, and also had signed away acres upon acres of timber claims to them. Once they had secured all they wanted from her, her home was so uncomfortable that she was glad to marry an old schoolmate.

The step-brother married and settled in the town nearest to the new home in the forest. A law suit was started, but he won it. The step-sister was of age, of sound mind, and had signed the papers. There was nothing she could do about it. She had to live on, year after year, bearing and rearing many children in straitened circumstances, while her step-brother and his wife were the richest people in the nearby town, on money made from her lands. The girl writes:

"There was a great hatred between the families, and as children we dared not say uncle or aunt, never dared mention their names at home, or speak to our cousins, although we attended the same school. But now, after all these years of silence and bitterness, my younger sister, Ellie, and her cousin, Will, are in love with each other and the family of each declares it will cast them off forever if they dare to marry. Ellie has tried to kill herself already and Will says if she does, he'll follow her. What would you advise?"

Advise? My goodness, me, if I were Ellie, wouldn't I just tell Will to hitch

up his horse and meet me at the cross-roads this very night, and I'd slip my treasures into a suit case and wave a kiss to the family, and go to him.

Hate is a terrible thing, but not so strange as Love. Love vanquishes it every time and if these two—boy and girl sweethearts—can only love bravely enough, all the family wrath cannot keep them apart. If they will only sweep all behind them, the cherished memories of what this one said and what the other one said, and start life with a clean fair page in its book, don't you think the family will be ashamed of itself? I do. I'm sure it will.

Some day the two mothers won't be able to stand it any longer, and they'll start out along the road that leads up into the timber, ready to forgive and forget. And then, there'll come a day when the father of Will will meet him face to face and feel the choke at his throat for this is his boy—his only son. And Will must smile and say "Hello, dad." Just that will be enough. I wish I could manage it all for them and bring it out right. It needs just a little bit of love and understanding, and above all, unselfishness, for hate is the most selfish thing in the world.

Out here in California's sun land, I wonder and wonder what will happen to this girl Ellie, this girl who would so much rather die than lose her love. We tread along life's path of ease and ordinary daily routine today and tomorrow. It's hard really to visualize to ourselves the tragedy of one little misunderstood backwoods girl, isn't it, way off up there in the north woods. Pines are doleful trees, anyway, to live under all the time. I wish I had her here among these fields of blooming lilies and eternal sunshine.

But here is the answer surely and over the miles I can send it, to the anxious big sister and the sweethearts. Don't think of the two families at all, or what Will's grandmother did to Ellie's mother. What on earth do you care for money when you have love and health and youth, the rarest gifts that life can hand you.

And perhaps, when they all see how happy you are, you may be the means of banishing the cloud. Clouds can't stand sunlight, you know. Oh, Ellie, over the long miles, listen to me. Don't—don't tumble into the well, or try mother's toothache drops for death's darker drink. Run away with him and forget them all.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T CARE.

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There was a terrible hotel fire last week. Some of you probably read of it, but I won't tell you where it was, those who don't know, for the sake of the girl herself. Maybe she didn't care, but she does now.

What we call a road show had started out from New York the week before I left home, playing a well known musical comedy that had made a hit on Broadway all last summer and fall. In taking it on the road, several of the principals dropped out of the cast, and their places were filled by less high-priced people. I heard Mother say that Adele D— was singing the principal role. She is a charming woman and an old friend of ours, one of the real artistes of her profession and a friend to every girl in her company.

She wrote us when they played Hartford in January.

"The show seems to go very well, but I think we will get a new Pedro. I do not like the chap who is singing it now. His voice is fair enough, and he is really very good looking, but, so far, he seems to think of nothing but how many girls he can get to make fools of themselves over him in each town we play. It is simply sickening, and I won't have it. Neither will Randy. He'll probably be dropped before we strike Canada."

She sent her route, and Mother meant to answer, but before she had time there came the news in the papers of the awful hotel fire and loss of life. Adele herself was saved, and while all lost their baggage, no one of the company was killed. But we had a long letter from Adele herself which told a far sadder story, I thought. Randolph was the manager of the show, called Randy by all who knew him, and an all-around respected and liked man, but rather rough-and-ready in his ways.

"I shall never as long as I live forget Monday night," she wrote. "It was about two in the morning, and the weather eight below zero. We were playing split dates up through here, and had to make an early jump out at six-thirty for the train. Everybody was worn out, as Randy had been calling extra rehearsals for a new comedian who joined us Wednesday. S— simply could not make it, and Pedro, and he was to leave us in Chicago."

When we were in Buffalo a week there was the prettiest girl at the hotel who waited on table in the dining room. She was just a flower, Charlotte, blue eyes, short blonde curls and that wistful, expectant look of youth on her face. She saw the show the first night, and fell dead in love with S—. He really did look quite prince-like in his make-up. It was pitiful to see her while we were there. She looked at him with her whole heart in her eyes while he was eating, and if he asked her for cat-sup or Worcestershire, she blushed and was in heaven. I am sure, now, that he really did make love to her in his way, and made her think she would be a success on the stage.

"The day after we left Buffalo, S— showed me a letter he had from her, and you know what I think of a man who exhibits his private mail to other women. But anyway, this was from Peggie. Just the usual gush a girl will write to an actor, only she said she was going to throw up her place and follow the show."

"I don't care what happens to me so long as I can be near you and see you," she wrote him.

"Little fool," he laughed, with a cigar between his teeth. "I suppose Randy can put her in the chorus on her looks."

"Things were in a rush when we finished the show the night of the fire. Randy was busy getting ready for the early jump and several of the men stayed up with him, smoking and chatting. Among them was S—. Finally, about quarter of two, he

said he'd turn in. That was just before the fire broke out. And Randy said as S— passed through the upper hall, a forlorn little figure turned from the window at its end, and spoke his name. It was Peggie, the girl who didn't care. Randy was just behind him, and he saw him go toward her, take her hands in his reassuringly, and the look on Peggie's face. He left them there in the hall, talking.

"Not fifteen minutes later the cry of 'Fire!' rang through the hotel. It was one of the old-fashioned kind, and just tinder to the flames. In less than three minutes, the people were making for the windows. The firemen made wonderful headway in reaching us, and I was among the first saved, as my room was on the parlor floor, but the men in our company nearly all were on the fifth and sixth, out of reach of the ladders. Randy was running around counting heads, as I were, when S— was missed, and we saw him at a window with the girl in his arms. Just as the flames swept out behind them the firemen reached them from the floor above and drew them both up to safety. That's all, my dear, only that Peggie is in the hospital here and so is S—. We're leaving them with three others who inhaled smoke, and Randy says he's sure S— has serious intentions and will marry her. Funny how a window sill can be the brink of eternity, isn't it, and make a man come to his senses."

Isn't that a good story of real life? I wonder if they will really get married, don't you? I'll let you know if they do, when Adele writes Mother again.

Answers to Correspondents.

Rose M. T.—I could not attend the movie ball as we were very busy taking "The Poor Little Rich Girl" at Fort Lee. I never attended college. I went on the stage when I was 5 years old and had private tuition. I do not know yet where the national convention is to be held. If it is possible we always try to attend it.

Celia F. S.—My mother has fully recovered from her operation. Thank you very much for all your kind wishes. I am sure you must be proud of your soldier boy. Owen Kildare wrote "My Mame Rose." I do not think it has been screened. He is dead, and Mrs. Kildare controls the copyright.

Arlene R.—We have been in California since the first part of February. We are at work now on "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." The Marblehead production you speak of was "The Pride of the Clan." It was released the first of January.

Rev. C. D. C.—I will have the photograph of my Mother sent you, and think your idea is a splendid one. My Mother joins me in wishing you all success. You need not return it.

Julia E. D.—Miss Montgomery's "Anne Stories" are great favorites of mine, and also Miss Laura E. Richards'. I think the girl characters are charming. Owen Moore played opposite me in Cinderella. You would have to get the permission of the publishers before attempting making a scenario of either book. Jack's last picture was "Great Expectations."

Mae K.—You must be brave and optimistic. Did you ever read Marshall P. Wilder's book, "The Sunny Side of the Street"? If ever a man conquered physical defects, and brought happiness to others as well as success to himself, he did. I think you are very gifted in having such a voice.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

PERUGINI'S HOSTAGE.

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DO you know, I sometimes believe it is the little kind acts we do that make life pleasant for everyone around us. I mean instead of the great noble deeds of kindness.

When I was little, very little, I mean, I know if we had anything specially nice, we were taught to try and give a portion of it to somebody we knew who couldn't have just that particular thing, and this once led to such a comical happening. Mother took a tiny little bungalow down at the seashore one summer and just turned us loose to have a good time.

Ours was the last in a long straggling line of dwellings that followed the coast patrol's path along the shore and up through the salt meadows to the bluffs. Below us there lived a very dignified, rather grouchy old actor and his valet. I think there was a housekeeper, too, but I never saw her—just the tall, stoop-shouldered old fellow stalking along with his eyes on the ground, generally with a book to read when he found a cosy spot to rest.

Up at the big hotel there was a splendid golf course, and we children longed to romp over it and play. So Jack said we'd have a golf course of our own. We got sticks and hard rubber balls and tried to plan a course, and it was a fearfully wild one as I remember. I know the seventh hole was down on the shore below the bluff and the sixth hole was on the bluff, so it took some figuring ever to land the seventh. Jack said our course was the best on the island because nobody but our own selves could ever play it.

Then one day just as I was landing that seventh hole there came a shout from below that fairly petrified me. I stood still but it came again, and we all crept to the edge of the bluff and lay down on our "tumtums" to look over and see what awful thing had happened. We must have seemed terribly surprising from below, just those three heads at the very edge of the bluff, but there was the old actor rubbing his head and staring up at us. It was Signor Perugini, who used to play the manager so wonderfully in "The Yellow Jacket" and, later, died at the Actors' home on Staten Island. He was such a stately, punctilious man, and when he saw that we were only children, he smiled and lifted up one hand at us reproachfully.

"If this occurs once more, only once more, mind, I shall keep one of you as a hostage."

We sat back and tried to figure out what hostage—was. Nobody knew.

That night at dinner I asked mother what a hostage was, and she said she thought it was somebody who was held by an enemy as a surety for a promise given.

"We didn't promise him anything," blurted out Jack. "We just hit him on the head with a golf ball."

When mother had heard it was Signor Perugini, she was so sorry, for everybody who knew him liked and admired the old gentleman. So she said we must all apologize. Lottie and I were willing. We'd found out long ago that when we had done wrong, it was best to get the apology over, like swallowing a pill, or taking castor oil. If it had to be, the sooner it was over, the better, but Jack objected. He was a little fellow in those days, but spunky, and he flatly would not go and apologize. So Lottie and I waited along the patrol path for Signor Perugini to pass on his daily walk, and all at once I had an idea. You could always get Jack to dress up, and play he was somebody else. We would send him as a hostage. We ran back to the house and dug out some dressing-up things and rigged him out willingly enough.

When the signor came up the long winding path from the beach, there rose from the tall grass a figure, Jack with a pair of long black silk stockings fastened with safety pins to his tucked up "knickers," and a little red velvet bolero jacket over his undershirt. We pinned a band of black velvet across his forehead and stuck feathers up in it, and he held a curtain pole with a white towel flying from its top as a flag of truce.

"Good morning, sir," said the signor gravely. "I hope I see you well, fair sir."

Jack bowed in silence and handed him a slip of paper. I had written on it just what mother always put when she sent anybody anything nice. "With love and best wishes, from all of us."

"What's this?" asked the signor, puckering his brows over it.

"Well, I'll stay with you while the girls play, and when they're through Mary'll come next, and I'll go and play, then it's Lottie's turn," Jack explained eagerly. "We're your hostages but we want to play our golf, you know, and probably if you sit in the same place, you'll get hit, so we've prepared for it."

How the old gentleman laughed at us and promised faithfully he wouldn't sit on our golf course any more. And you should have seen mother's face when she found out, but Lottie spoke up, as she always did to explain things.

"We knew he was lonely, so we wanted to give him Jack for company, mother, dear."

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

WHEN LOVE GLORIFIES.

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I WISH I had a private wire right straight up to heaven sometimes, so I could call up guardian angels and ask what is the right thing to tell all my girl friends in answer to the dear letters they write to me.

Maybe you think it is easy to be told really awful things, heart-breaking things, and not be able to help one bit. If I could only call up, and say,

"Please send an angel right down there to that lonesome boy, and tell him the girl he's worrying about is nearly wild because he hasn't written." Or another one, "Please hurry and send an angel over there to that girl, who says she's been two years in New York and hasn't made a friend yet, and she'd like to smash windows."

Here's one from a girl who loved dancing. She's an eastern girl, too, not of New York, but one of those middle-sized towns that take themselves so seriously. While New York is turning to quieter dances, out in her town they are still enjoying the fox trot.

She belonged to two dancing clubs, a skating club, a riding club. She was the leader in the younger set, just as she led at school, and she had been engaged to the best chap in town, the one man that everybody logically picked for her.

And then, suddenly, there came the accident while they were skating. The ice gave way beneath them. When they were rescued both her legs were broken at the knees. She has lain in bed for months, yes, for a year now, and the surgeons say, after three operations she may never walk again. The motor nerves are paralyzed, they think, and there is this splendid, vital girl of 19, with everything to live for, sentenced to such a fate.

"Shall I release him?" she writes. He has been so dear and good to me, but I have a horror of his just doing it from pity, don't you know, Miss Pickford? I couldn't bear that. He wants to marry me still, but how could I let him sacrifice himself so?"

Dear, there are hundreds, I almost think thousands, of women and girls who are married now to the halt, the lame and the blind, heroes of Eu-

rope's struggle. Do their yearning hearts shrink from the beloved ones? If you could see the look I saw at the allied bazar in New York on the face of a little woman leading a tall, blind Scotch soldier, you would not shut love out from tending its wounded.

I know when I was about 15, no novel ever thrilled me so much as the true story of how Browning won Elizabeth Barrett—that wonderful, glorified little bed-ridden invalid, borne down to the waiting carriage in her lover's arms, and carried away to Italy to be loved back to health.

There is a famous comedian, who was separated from his wife years ago. They both remarried, as so many do in the profession and drifted apart, entirely. And not long ago I heard she had been shot at from a box at a theatre in Montana while playing there with some road show. The bullet was intended for someone else, but it struck her, and the news spread that she was seriously injured.

Mr. G— was at Santa Barbara, playing in a very important production for the screen, but he threw up everything to go to her side. They were both single once more, and in a few days he remarried her, although her cheek was quite badly disfigured, and would be scarred for life.

"Dear old mate," he said with his arm around her, just as the nurses and minister were leaving her room, "you'll need me after all, won't you, dear?"

So I think that must be the keynote of love. It isn't what we receive. It's what we give, and the sweetest thing of all is when we feel we are really needed. I never get through my work without turning my head to find mother, and I know she will always be there waiting for me, because I need her. Not for anything but just that, her look of love and encouragement. I'd rather see it than anything in the world. I've always looked for it, ever since I can remember. Back in the old days, when we were all little she would wait for us, and dress us and care for us, but now all I want is her wonderful smile, and I need that every single day.

So I'm sure the guardian angels would tell my skating girl to keep her troth with her love, even with broken knees.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A LITTLE BEAUTY TALK.

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SO many girls write and ask me what to do for their complexions, and whether this article is any good and that, so I want to answer them all in this.

I know exactly how they feel and how precious a really beautiful complexion is. Many people object to the use of cold water on the face, and also to cold cream, but one reason why women of the stage usually possess such lovely complexions, I think, is just this. They have to keep their faces clean. I know that sounds almost comical, but it is the true basis for a good complexion, next to right dieting and exercise.

One day last fall I noticed in the New York paper that some magistrate sitting in one of the city courts told a young girl who had stepped to the witness stand to go home and wash her face before she tried to testify in his court. Her face was not clean in the first place, yet she had powdered over it, and "touched up" her cheeks and lips besides with carmine.

Fortunately, even as a current fashion, making up has gone out of style, and girls who formerly resorted to it, or wished that they dared to, for lack of pretty color naturally, are beginning to realize that the pink in one's cheeks is Nature's own flag of good health as well as beauty's emblem.

For those of us who use "make-up" either for the footlights or the camera, cleanliness is the first essential. This means giving your face a thorough washing with the best soap you know, and rinsing in clear lukewarm water, with a dash of cold afterwards. And this is within the reach of anyone's purse. The soap that took a gold medal, I know, at the Panama exposition was a five-cent cake that passed the chemical tests for purity.

And I do not believe in scrubbing the skin roughly. You only produce a temporary high circulation that does not last, and you are apt to injure the delicate surface of the facial skin.

There was a little French actress in my studio who knew Gaby Deslys and several beauties of the Parisian type. She told me they used no cosmetics at all, but relied on plenty of sleep, bathing daily, knowing how to relax the nerves and muscles for perfect rest and recuperation, and a milk and vegetable diet.

"Gaby only eats the breast of chicken," she said, "or broiled fish once in awhile. She drinks no tea or coffee, and relies on fresh vegetables, uncooked if possible, and plenty of fresh fruit, especially grape fruit and oranges. I know that she drinks six and eight glasses a day of orange

juice, with a dash of grapefruit or lemon juice. This with hot milk when she goes to bed gives her perfect digestion, diet, and complexion. She has a skin as fair as a baby's, with that wonderful underlay of pink."

Then she asked me what I did for mine, and I hesitated, half tempted to make up some wonderful fairy princess sort of diet for myself, and tell her in all seriousness I took it daily, but I thought I wouldn't. She was so in earnest and really felt she was helping me.

"Why, I—I keep my face clean," I told her. "Wash it a good many times a day, and of course I have to use cold cream to get the makeup off my face. You see that almost compels you to have a good complexion, washing and cleansing it so much, and if you exercise a lot, there you are, don't you see?"

But riding home that afternoon, I was all alone and thinking about girls and women who have house work all day long, or work in stores and factories. Could they spare any time to take care of their complexions? Just think of 50 years ago and more. I was rummaging one day through an old chest in the garret at home, and drew out a long green veil of some crinkly soft material. We were always trying to find something to dress up in these days, and I draped it over my head like a Neapolitan girl, but mother took it away from me, and said it was a relic and laughed as she folded it up again.

"Relic of what?" I asked inquisitively.

"Your great grandmother's vanity, dearie," she said.

"That's a green baise complexion veil and it used to be the style to wear one over your face to protect it from the sun."

The odd part is that the girls who have good health and happy hearts usually have the best complexions. For happiness means steady nerves and an even temperament and normal circulation. I know we used to have a cook, Maggie, a young Limerick girl, with the most wonderful color. Her face was beautiful, with soft dark damask rose skin, big dark blue Irish eyes, and curly brown hair. One day, leaning on her ironing board and reading her dreambook, she told me she had never put anything on her face but soap and water.

"But I tell you, Miss Mary, and only you, do you mind," she added, mysteriously. "I used to rub me cheeks with mullein leaves when I was little, and touch me face with milkweed, too, and if you throw a kiss to each new moon, they say you'll never lack beauty."

Are you laughing at her? I never did. I think even now her beauty talks were the best of any I know. If all were as harmless as Maggie's the world would be just a bit better.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

RUE FOR REMEMBRANCE.

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JUST before I left New York, mother and I were invited to a The Dansant at the studio of a well known portrait painter. I was sitting in a corner chatting with his mother, when she drew my attention to a couple who had just entered the room. The girl was of a slender, dark-eyed type, alert and vivacious. The man at her side was thick set and blond, about 30, with the air of being thoroughly in rapport with life in general.

"Do you see those two?" Said Mrs. S.—"I've been so interested in all Dick has told me of them. He is an artist and she is a writer. They have just returned from Paris, where he has been studying for the past three years. He took a Grand Prix, after exhibiting a statue called 'Remembrance' in a competitive Salon. I have not seen the original, but he has a small cast of it at his studio now. His wife was the model before they were married, and it looks like a Puritan figure, very simple. You can almost feel the wind that blows her skirts back, and the curls from her shoulders. She lifts a sprig of rue to her lips, with both hands, her head bent slightly to one side. There is such a beautiful, ineffable expression of faith, and expectant love."

"Then they are married now?" I asked eagerly bending forward to watch them. They both looked unusual and individual.

"Yes," said the old lady. "She went abroad in November, I believe, and they were married around Christmas time. You know these prizes are only given to unmarried artists. Three years ago, they met in New York, each working in his particular line. Working, I say," she added, meaningly. "You know there is such a long bridge between the real workers who are accomplishing things, and those who merely want to live in the art atmosphere."

"They were engaged to be married when his statue was accepted for the competition. Later on he was awarded one of the prizes, an honor for any of our American boys. I love France, don't you? The girl was so brave and sensible about it. His acceptance meant separation for three years, and the postponement of their marriage. She sent him away to finish his studies, and gave up her own studio in New York. It was just like going into a retreat for her. Makes

you think of the women of the middle ages, when their betrothed lovers followed the Crusade, doesn't it?"

"She subtlet a little cottage on the Long Island shore, way down near Quogue, moved her studio furniture down there and started away with only her dog, a big collie, for company."

"Dick says her spirit was simply wonderful all during the long waiting period. They did not see each other at all, but wrote every day. When 'Remembrance' was exhibited on this side, we went up to the galleries to see it, and she was there. I shall never forget her, her face alight with love and pride, as she looked at the statue."

"She's holding rue in her hands, you notice," she asked us, and then she took a little sprig from her coat lapel, delicate, grayish, green like marjoram. "This is rue. I had quite a time to find any, but I wanted to wear it"—she smiled, "for 'Remembrance.'"

"She stuck it out for the full three years, writing magazine stories, and filling her 'hope' chest, so to speak. It couldn't have been a very easy or pleasant experience, for a girl of 23 to cut herself off entirely from all that makes life worth while at this time of life. I think that she was simply wonderful, for he might have died, and she would have found nothing but 'Rue for Remembrance.'"

"But surely if she really loved him, memory would have been her greatest solace," I said, watching the girl's mobile, eager face. "I'd love to meet her. Where are they living now?"

"Down at the little house among the sand dunes. He bought it for her when they came back from their honeymoon."

I talked with the girl afterwards, and when I told her how brave I thought she was to have stayed down there three years waiting, she looked at me with frank curiosity.

"Why, it wasn't a bit hard. Wouldn't you have done the same when you knew what it meant for both of you? It was worth it all when I met Gene in Paris." Her eyes rested on him lovingly, as he stood talking in a group across the room. "I don't think anything could have bound us so closely together as those years of separation and waiting. Love should be co-operative, don't you think so?"

But is it? How seldom you come across the type of either man or woman today, whose love for the other could have stood the test of only "Rue for Remembrance."

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

NATIKI.

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We were looking over some snapshots the other day, that one of the men in the "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" company had taken up on the Yukon River, last year.

He had been out on location work, with a big Alaskan story, which later proved one of the best features of the fall season. One of the pictures attracted me at once. In it a young Indian girl sat squat-legged before a tent, a bead work frame slanted in front of her, and she looked sidelong at you as she wove the beads into a pattern that was never finished. There was something indescribably piquant about her. She was about thirteen or fourteen years old—a woman grown, in that country. Her heavy, dark hair hung in broad plaits over her shoulders, and there was the most attractive allurements in the sidelong glance of her eyes at the taker of the picture.

"I like this one best," I said. "What was her name?"

"Natikl," was the answer. "She was the sweetheart of the river boat captain. Our company had been taking pictures for two or three weeks around the Indian village where she lived. Her little tent was pitched apart from the others, under some scrub pines at the fringe of woodland that dipped to meet the beach. Here she sat before the open flap, cross-legged on the earth, intent on her bead work, but seeing everything that happened in the village, and at the tumbled-down wharf where the river craft docked."

"Nearly every one in the company bought some of her bead work. I think I have a headstrip now, among my things," he paused, musingly, looking over my shoulder at the little snapshot, and added, "Poor little kid."

I sensed a story immediately from his manner, and we all begged him to tell it.

"When we left St. Michaels the only other passengers aboard were a couple of young hunters, bound far inland, and some half-breed traders. The captain was a big fellow from Nome, born and bred in the North country. He told us many stories of this strange, still land, and as we neared the village where our first picture was to be taken, he told us proudly that the belle of the whole river country lived there, Natikl, the Sunbeam. He had Indian blood in him himself. He was a splendid type, and when we saw the girl, she seemed his fitting mate."

"He left the company there, and took his boat farther on up the river, arranging to call for us on his return trip, the first of the next month, May."

"Natikl was busy preparing for her coming bridal. All of the women of the company were interested in her and gave her gifts, that seemed wonderful because they had come from 'below.' The last I remember when we left the village was Natikl's figure standing before her tent waving a last salute to us. About four o'clock one morning, we were awakened by a smashing spring storm that seemed to turn all creation into chaos. I don't know whether they have cloud bursts up there or not, but the river started to rise, and flood its banks, and after the hurricane, there was the most frightful devastation on all sides."

"We lost a great deal of our outfit, and huddled together down along the beach at daybreak looking for the

boat that was due to pick us up that day. The director had rigged up a signal to attract the captain's attention, and just as we wondered whether he had survived the storm, the Valley City came in view. There was very little said. When you've all looked death in the eye at the same time, you're pretty apt to keep pretty silent. We saw at once that the captain was anxious. Just at sundown, he steered for the little cove where the landing place had been. Only a few floating pieces of wreckage were left, and uprooted pines lay half buried where the wind had thrown the sand in miniature dunes, high above the water line."

"The women stayed on the boat, but a few of us men went ashore with the captain, I among them. He strode past the wreckage of the village with blank, unseeing eyes; dead bodies lay everywhere in an indistinguishable mass of trees, tents, and debris."

"I knew what he was after, and followed him. When we came to the big pine, there seemed to be only the wave of sand over the spot where her tent had stood, and then he gave a cry, throwing himself on the ground, clawing away like a dog that scents a hidden quarry. Sticking up out of the sand was one small hand, a strip of beads around the cold little wrist."

"We dug her body out and laid it in the sunlight," he stopped, abruptly. It seemed good to see real emotion in the eyes of a man to whom the portrayal of emotion is a matter of dollars and cents."

"Was that all?" I asked.

"No. I mailed him back the snapshots when we reached Seattle. Pretty face, isn't it?"

But I could not answer. I was not thinking of the face now. His story left only the memory of a little brown hand.

Answers to Correspondents.

William J.—If it is impossible for you to choose between the two, don't you think that an excellent sign that neither of them is the right one. Just at your age, a person is apt to be in love with the idea of love. Concentrate on your work, and don't take yourself quite so seriously.

Mrs. J. R.—Norma Talmadge is with the Triangle Company. Mr. Chaplin is not married. I do not know Mrs. Castle's present address. Write the company direct.

Carlyle S.—While I have the final word on the acceptance of scripts, I do not look them over personally when they first come in. Your story seemed too slight for a five-reel production.

Mrs. Clara Mac D.—Miss Walker is still with the Vitagraph. I think the picture you refer to is 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. The two books are combined, and a love interest introduced.

Jennie A.—I do not believe in a young girl's having a sumptuous wardrobe at school, no matter what her parents' wealth may be. Mrs. Geo. Gould's simple taste when her girls were little was admired by everyone. The Arctcraft blouses are modelled on the French peasant smock, and are easily made.

Marjorie K.—Mary Miles Minter is the star of "The Gentle Intruder." I could not advise any scenario course. Nearly every large photoplay corporation has its own continuity writers, and prefers the stories submitted in detailed synopsis form.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE LITTLE RED TRUNK.

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BACK in the old Biograph days, we were standing, early one morning, waiting for a train. It was frosty and cold. I was walking up and down beside mother, when the station agent wheeled our trunks out, ready to load in the baggage car. On top of them all was a little red leather trunk. It looked like an enormous hat box, with many straps and steamship labels pasted on it. It was perfectly square, and from the way he shifted it, it seemed to be very heavy.

Mother remarked that she had not noticed it before with the company's baggage, and Bobby Larkin, our property man, explained that it belonged to a chap who had just joined the day before.

"He's a cowboy, I guess. They've taken him on for some riding stunt. That's him over there."

I didn't quite like the look of the stranger, and neither did mother. He was young, slim and dark, with the collar of his mackinaw turned high. I never saw him without a cigarette hanging rather limply from the corner of his mouth. He had nothing to say to the other members of the company, but our director liked him for his absolute fearlessness.

There was a very dangerous back fall from horseback over the side of a ravine in the picture and he had been hired to make it. It was just about the same time when the using of dummies for this purpose had been given up. The public demanded the real thing, and refused to thrill otherwise.

"You're not a bit afraid, are you?" I said to him the day that scene was taken. "What if—" I stopped short, checking myself.

He eyed me coolly, amusedly almost.

"Don't worry, I'd never be missed," he said shortly. "But say, Miss Pickford, if they should get me, would you see that my little red trunk is checked home?"

"I thought you said there was nobody to miss you?" I couldn't resist teasing him. He was so sober-faced for a youngster.

"I'd want my mother to have my

things," he said. "I haven't seen her in five years. I ran away." "Mothers don't forget," I told him. "Why don't you write to her?" "Nothing doing," he said. "Just see that she gets the trunk."

They were busy rehearsing this scene over and over again, when two strangers arrived in the camp. Mac, as he called himself, was away, of course, and after inquiring around casually, the two men rode on. I didn't know what they were after, at all, and forgot all about the incident of their coming when Mac was brought back on a stretcher.

"He thinks he's dying, Miss Pickford," our assistant director came over to tell me. "We're going to send him in my car to the nearest town, and see if there's a hospital there. I think it's only a broken leg, and some smashed ribs, but he's sure he's going over the border. Do you mind coming over to speak to him?"

I went. He could barely talk. I leaned over and could just catch the words.

"Keep the trunk till I get back." I did. It didn't take much room, and I had it stacked away with my own, never dreaming of what it contained. He claimed it a few weeks later, just before we all left for the east. Just as we were passing through Denver, the assistant director came through the train with a newspaper, and showed it to mother and myself. It described the capture of Reddy Walsh, and gave a picture of him. I recognized Mac at once. It seemed his favorite trick was to get a position around a railroad station, chum with the express agent, and do odd jobs for him.

He always chose a point where he knew large shipments of money were made by express. When the risk seemed worth while he would tie and tag the agent in the wee small hours of the morning, slam everything valuable in sight into his little red trunk and leave for parts unknown. Nobody will ever know why he took the risk of that leap. He probably knew the deputy sheriffs were close at his heels, and determined to make good his bluff of being a movie stunt actor, at all hazards. I often wonder what would have happened if he had really died, and they had found the stolen goods in that little red trunk in my possession.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE PEACOCK JINX.

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It must be so queer, to depend constantly on luck for your success. I don't think I am one bit superstitious, except perhaps in one way. I do really believe that unless we help those whom we are able to, and who need it, that perhaps the day may come when we ourselves may want.

We were taking "Less Than the Dust" out on Long Island last summer when the most comical thing happened. The picture with its peculiar far-east atmosphere appealed greatly to all of us who took part in it. It was in the summer time, when a great many professional people are laid off from their regular work, and are willing to accept a less lucrative position. We really had a splendid lot of "extras," and among them was Senora M—. She used to come out to the studio every morning, dressed all in black even to gloves, and a long thin fluttering veil, just as if she was going to early mass, back in her home town, Barcelona, Spain.

One left instinctively that the Senora was nurturing a secret sorrow. She did not mingle with any of the women in the company, but set apart, her long veil tossed picturesquely back, her dark eyes following every detail and taking of scenes. Her constant and only companion was a little dog, a Belgian griffon whom she called Zi-Zi. Zi-Zi was a regular little over-fed dawg of a dog. Her big dark eyes matched those of her mistress, in their melancholy abstraction. She dozed hour after hour on her mistress' cloak thrown down on the corner of the general dressing room of the extras.

When we were about half way through the picture, there was need one day of some peacock feathers. I forgot exactly how they were to be used—I think it was in the head dress of one of the fakirs. But they were procured from the city, and after the scene was taken, they were tossed to one side. A few minutes afterwards everyone in the Studio was startled by a cry that was half a scream. One of the dancing girls, a nervous, superstitious little thing, had found the peacock feathers on her silk scarf. Like nearly all professional people, she considered them the most malignant sign of bad luck.

"Who threw those things there?" she called out, indignantly.

But Senora M— stepped to her side with a curious little smile, fumbling at something concealed about her throat.

"It is nothing, my dear, nothing at all. You are afraid of bad luck? I will ward it away from you."

The girl stared at her with frightened and unbelieving eyes.

"Yes, you can. Like fun. I was in a peacock dance at a cabaret show this spring, and there's been two deaths in the family since, and this is the first engagement I've had since April. If you can cross bad luck like that out, I'd like to know how."

The Senora drew from around her throat a little silken bag, suspended by a thin cord. She opened it, with her smile of curious certainty, and took out a queer little dried-up object that looked like a ripe olive.

"You see?" she said, in triumph. "I will touch your peacock feathers with this, and the bad luck shall not harm you. Last year I was playing in Ecuador, at Quito; I came down sick with a terrible fever. The old native woman who nursed me, gave me this. It is a toe from the sacred tomb of Matzi, ancient luck god of the Inca. This—" she held it from her, between her thumb and forefinger, and I'm quite sure that Zi-Zi thought it was a special tid bit for good behavior. She jumped for her mistress' hand and snatched the sacred toe.

Before the Senora could recover it, it had gone down Zi-Zi's little red lane, and she licked her chops with satisfaction. I really did admire the poise of the Senora. She looked gloomy and horrified, but resigned.

"What is to be, will be," she said, with calm fatalism.

"You see," said the other girl. "You can't even hand me luck. I'm going to pack now before they tell me to go. You can't break a peacock jinx."

Nothing could persuade her to stay. She left that same afternoon, but the Senora remained. I asked her whether she thought the eating of the relic would bring Zi-Zi good or bad luck. The Senora eyed Zi-Zi reflectively.

"Bad luck, I fear, Senorita," she said. "Already she is not well." But Zi-Zi recovered, and the episode was forgotten in a few days.

Whenever I see a peacock feather now, I always think of it and laugh, and I'm very glad to say that the loss of the toe did not seem to hamper the Senorita's prospects. She was a very

fine character type, and has risen from the ranks of the extras to the portrayal of foreign grand dames and gypsy queens.

Answers to Correspondents.

James N. J.—James K. Hackett has not appeared in pictures as yet. "Getting Married" is by George Bernard Shaw. I think if you write the studios direct on your last few questions, they can give you the names of these pictures. I do not know them in rotation.

Anita B.—I have never appeared in a South American picture. Mr. Fairbanks starred in the "Americano." Miss Doro appeared as "Oliver Twist." I liked your list of favorite stars very much.

Lena K.—I think you have been wonderful to your little brothers and sisters. Meeting eyebrows can be remedied with either the electric needle treatment, or any reliable depilatory. If I were you I would not attempt pulling them out myself.

Mrs. Leslie G.—Your letter was charming. My Mother is with me here in California, and has entirely recovered her health. Jack is at the eastern studio, at work in his new feature. We are doing "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" out here. Do write again.

Jean M.—Start with long walks, cut out all sweet and starchy foods from your diet. Why don't you read "Eat and Grow Thin?" I am sure it will help you. A routine of "setting up" exercises night and morning, produce surprising results in reducing, and toning up the whole system. Let me know how you progress.

Tom K.—Yes, I love dearly to ride horseback. It is very kind of you to extend the ranch invitation, but I am afraid you would find my whole company rather a houseful. Thank you very much.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

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I suppose, sooner or later, nearly everyone wishes he or she could be a temporary hermit. At this season of the year, when Lent is with us, there comes to many the longing to go apart and "rest awhile."

While we were out taking pictures for "The Foundling" one beautiful spring day, there was quite a long wait for some necessary properties from New York, and I started away on a long walk from the little highland town we were in on the upper Hudson.

The country here is particularly lovely, I think. Perhaps it was given its name in loving remembrance by some Scotsman, whose heart was still in the home Highlands. The low-lying hills rise in great overlapping half moons along the horizon line, as you go higher above the river.

I followed the Post Road, feeling sure I wouldn't lose my way as long as I kept the telegraph poles in sight, but there was one beautifully kept lane, with a high-posted gateway, that lured me on to explore it further, and all at once I came upon a tiny white chapel, set in the heart of the woodlands, with a little orchard behind it, and a clearing of cornfields and garden plots.

I do not want to give the name of it. There is a tiny convent close by, where about thirteen sisters live with the Mother Superior, and here at the Lenten season come women of the rich, to find peace of mind and balm for the spirit; at least, so the little sister told me, who gave me a glass of cream and some bread and honey in the little refectory, when I told her I was hungry.

Out under the blossoming cherry trees, there slowly paced one of the loveliest women I have ever seen. She wore a long brown woolen garb, roped at the waist like the sisters, but without their rosary or head dress. Her wonderful auburn hair made one think of Rossetti's model love, his "Blessed Damsel!" whom he afterward made his wife, but in her eyes, there was an ineffable sadness that told a story of human suffering.

When she found out who I was, she was immediately interested in our picture, "The Foundling," and the story it portrayed, and just before I was leaving I walked with her in the twilight, down towards the village, listening to a story which I feel sure was of her own life.

"She told me of a society woman, whose heart longed most of all for a child of her own. She had been married about five years, when she had a dear little baby girl. She told me quite frankly that the woman's love for her husband died a natural death the first month they were married, when she realized the selfish brutality and innate coarseness of his nature; and then the year following the birth of her little girl, she had met a man abroad whom she could love and respect with her whole heart. In his friendship, she had realized all that she had missed in marrying for money."

Suddenly, her husband arrived unexpectedly in London, and discovered her almost constant, daily companionship with the young lieutenant, and he had

taken his revenge in the most consummate fashion. He had told her there would be no scandal. He would not give her the satisfaction of a divorce, so that she might remarry; but he took her baby away from her.

And that is all. She had returned to this country after the death of the lieutenant at the front. The whole affair had been kept a secret. Her baby had died, and she as a broken-hearted woman, seeking peace of mind at the little Highland retreat, lifting her beautiful face to the blue sky, above the cherry blossoms, and asking Why?

Do you think it was right, that the law would inevitably have given the little one to its father, even if he had not taken it? It seemed to me that the baby was the victim of this tragedy of life's passions. Surely it had an inalienable right to its mother's love and care. When it was old enough to reason, it could have made its own choice. As it was, it was a tiny butterfly, broken on the wheel of fate.

Answers to Correspondents.

Hazel J.—Why do you try to darken your hair? That real auburn shade is so rare, and I should think your brown eyes and freckles would go with it very well. "Rags" was taken in California. "The Good Little Devil" has not been pictured. It is the "Poor Little Rich Girl" your are thinking of. Violet Dana was in the stage version of the latter, and I played the little blind girl, Mr. Belasco's production.

Donald — Alberta, Canada — In listing your favorites, have you tried starting a regular screen album? It is much easier to keep track of the various stars and their productions in this way, and you can insert several photographs of each if desired.

Irene M. K.—I am glad you enjoyed "The Eternal Grind." Yes, the scenes were taken in a real mill. Mr. Hugh Ford directed the production while I was with the Famous Players a year ago.

Jack L.—My brother Jack is the youngest. Lottie is my only sister. I do not know the Miss Pickford you speak of, and hardly think she is a relative. If you write Jack direct, he will answer your question far better than I can.

Louise J.—"Madame Butterfly" was a great favorite of mine. I am sorry, when you saw it, they did not play the Puccini music, as it adds to its beauty and atmosphere. Many thanks for the picture.

Marion D.—The best tonic in the world is Mother Nature, after all. Rest and relaxation and good food are what you need, far more than all the patent tonics. Don't let the doctors frighten you one bit. I always keep my fingers crossed when I have to see one.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A BOY'S FIRST LOVE.

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THE romance of Gwendolyn happened while I was in Los Angeles a year ago. At the time Gwendolyn was taking on the finishing touches to her education at a convent school at Corpus Christi.

Her mother, who was playing at the studio, delighted in reading extracts from her daily letters to us, and talking constantly about her little girl. She herself was a very attractive woman, but not at all popular or well liked. It is rather a peculiar thing that in everyday life perhaps the most natural people in the world are the so-called professionals—those who earn their living either on the stage or before the screen. The actor or actress who assumes a pose when off duty, as it were, is usually considered a joke among his or her colleagues. Mrs. L— aspired to vampire roles. Her hair had been carefully "henna-ed" until it showed Titian highlights, and she liked to cover it with a Juliet cap of violet net, particularly if she happened to be wearing a scarlet robe, and the two colors would fight with each other gloriously.

She simply couldn't sit down without draping herself into a pose. As she said one day, rather archly:

"The tiger skin is my natural background."

But her one real, natural note was the maternal side. She had been a widow for about eight years. Her husband had been a minister in a small town, who had fallen in love with a Swedish cook. There had been a divorce and I believe he married the cook, but died within a year.

One of the nicest boys in the cast fell deeply in love with Mrs. L—. He was just at the age when his mentality demanded a rack to hang his ideas and opinions on, and her sympathetic interest supplied the need. He was a big, happy-go-lucky chap, whom everybody liked and I'm afraid we did feel a little bit sorry for him because he had been snared by that purple net. They took long walks over the hills together and exchanged favorite books, and quoted Omar to each other.

Things really seemed to be nearing the climax of his love's avowal when the unexpected happened. There were several scenes to be taken in the pic-

ture on a location way up in the hills, half a day's journey from the studio. Mrs. L— was in these, while her suitor was detained at the studio on "interiors" with me.

Right in the midst of the morning's work, Gwendolyn arrived. She was the most perfect replica of her mother, but 17 years younger, and 17 from 38 makes quite a difference in appearance. She was just as sweet and charming as she could be. And I shall never forget the startled look on her mother's admirer's face when he looked at her, and realized who she was. Like all the rest of us, he had to listen to her letters for weeks, but had probably thought them the effusions of a school girl about 13.

Mrs. L— was detained until late that afternoon, and when she reentered the studio, tired and fagged, the first sight that met her eyes was Bill's adoring attitude as he leaned over Gwendolyn's chair. We all of us rather expected that Mrs. L— would adopt the martyr role, as soon as she sensed the situation, which was really a splendid chance to pose in real life.

Gwendolyn was frankly in love before a week was over, with the assured triumph of youth, and Bill was miserable. Every time he met the long, level glance of Mrs. L—'s hazel eyes, he winced, but he was manly, and honestly in love this time. It was only his innate chivalry that made him waver. As he told me:

"I've played the tame cat when I thought I was a jungle mate, and now I don't know what to do. I love Gwen with all my heart, but how can I go to Mrs. L— and ask for her daughter after I've made such a fool of myself?"

"Let me talk to her," I told him, and I did.

I told her how worried the boy was, and how Gwendolyn loved him, what a really splendid fellow he was, and how we all felt that it had been her sympathy and interest in him that spurred him on in his work, and given him his first petus toward success.

Not once did I let her suspect that I thought or that any of us thought, Gwendolyn had spoiled a latent romance in her mother's life, and she took it all with an unexpected philosophy. It was her love for Gwendolyn that swept aside all personal consideration, and before the next picture was under way, they were married in the little chapel that witnessed so many weddings of the screen.